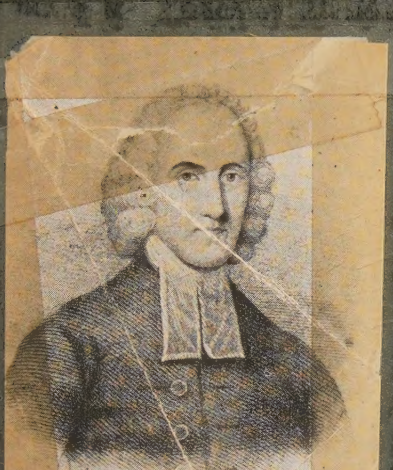
1703.
1903.



# Jonathan Edwards

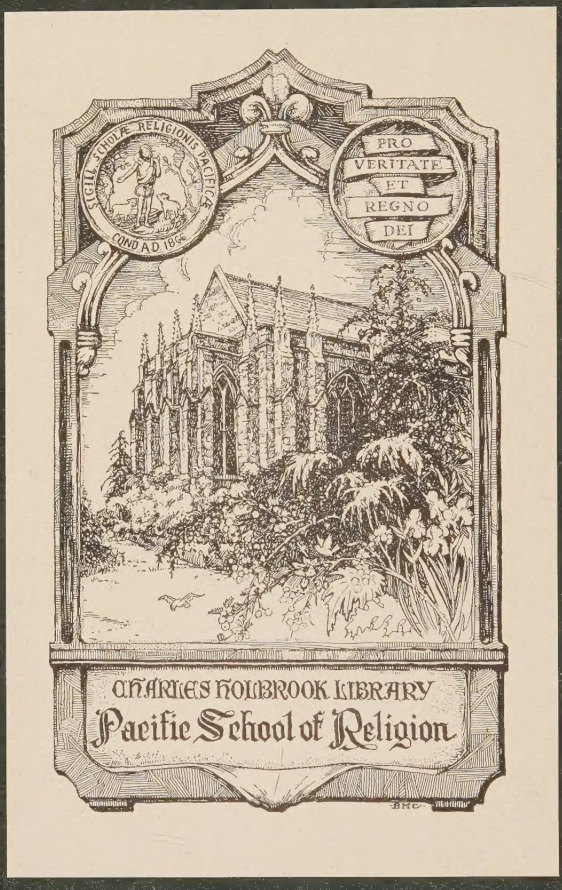
## The Two Hundredth Anniversary of his Birth

Stockbridge, Massachusetts,

OCTOBER FIFTH

1903

BX
7260
E3
D4
190
GTU
Storage


SIGILL. SCHOLÆ RELIGIONIS PACIFICÆ
COND AD 1961
PRO
VERITATE
ET
REGNO
DEI
CHARLES HOLBROOK LIBRARY
Pacific School of Religion
BHC

# Jonathan Edwards.

*UNION MEETING OF THE BERKSHIRE NORTH AND SOUTH CONFERENCES.*

Stockbridge, Massachusetts,

OCTOBER FIFTH, 1903.

---

# ORATION

BY

JOHN DE WITT,

*Professor of Church History, Princeton Theological Seminary.*

*AND OTHER ADDRESSES.*

GRADUATE THEOLOGICAL UNION
LIBRARY
1962

HOLBROOK LIBRARY
PACIFIC SCHOOL
OF RELIGION

---

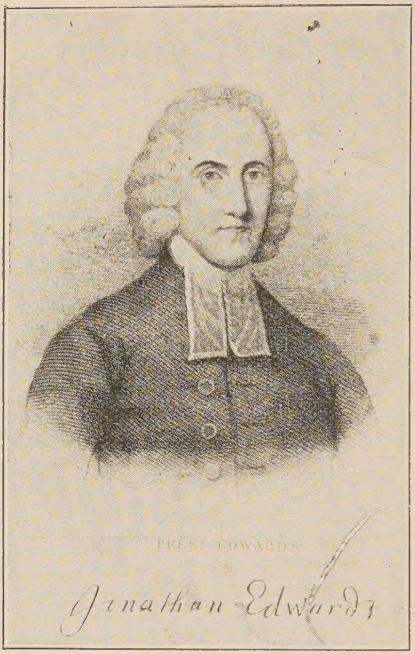
PUBLISHED BY THE BERKSHIRE CONFERENCES.

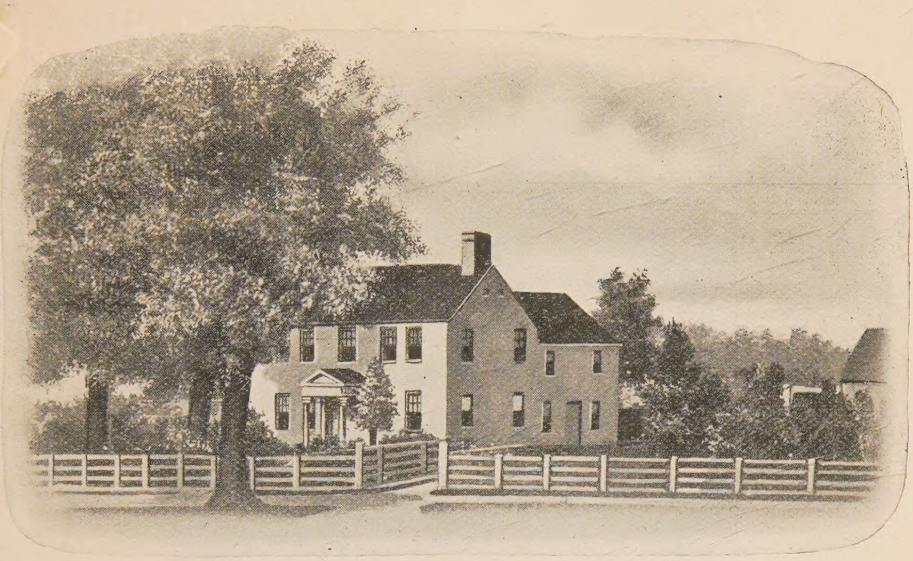
1903.

BX 7260
.E3
D4
1903

37003

MA/5
Ed/96D





EDWARDS HOUSE AT STOCKBRIDGE.
Where he wrote *The Freedom of the Will.*

---

## CONTENTS.


INTRODUCTION—

REV. HENRY HOPKINS, D.D., LL. D.,
President of Williams College.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME—

REV. ELBERT S. PORTER, Pastor of the Stockbridge Church.

THE EDWARDS FAMILY—

REV. GEORGE WAKEMAN ANDREWS, Ph. D., Dalton.

THE MODERN NOTE IN EDWARDS—

REV. I. C. SMART, Pittsfield.

THE OTHER SIDE OF EDWARDS—

REV. L. S. ROWLAND, D.D., Lee.

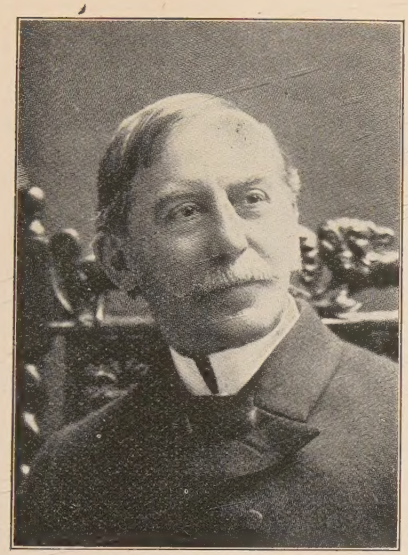
ORATION—JONATHAN EDWARDS—A STUDY—

REV. JOHN DEWITT, D.D., LL.D.,
Prof. of Church History at Princeton Theological Seminary.

EDWARDS AT STOCKBRIDGE—

REV. WILLIAM EDWARDS PARK, D.D., Gloversville, N. Y.

MISSION TOWER WHICH MARKS THE SITE OF THE "LITTLE CHURCH IN THE WILDERNESS." THE PRESENT BUILDING IN THE BACKGROUND WAS ERECTED IN 1824.



## INTRODUCTION.

By Rev. Henry Hopkins, D.D., LL. D.

It is not in the Valley of Chamouni but from Geneva, sixty miles away, that one gains the truest impression of the comparative size and majesty of Mont Blanc. Against the distant horizon the soaring, snowy outlines of the monarch of mountains are plainly seen far above the surrounding peaks.

Distance is likewise necessary for a just, comparative estimate of men. That a man should be visible above the horizon at all two hundred years after his birth, is in itself a sign of greatness. Certainly the fact that groups of thoughtful persons should gather together in various places after that lapse of time for the study, appreciation, and commemoration of a man proves his pre-eminence. No one today of any school or creed can doubt the intellectual and moral greatness or spiritual elevation of Jonathan Edwards, nor can the student of religious and educational development in our country doubt the exceeding beneficence and fruitfulness of the movements in the world of thought and life which had their origin in him. It is worthy of note also, as indicated in one of the papers of

this volume, that through the "unparalleled group of his distinguished descendants", as well as by his own dynamic force of thought and character, he has greatly blessed the world.

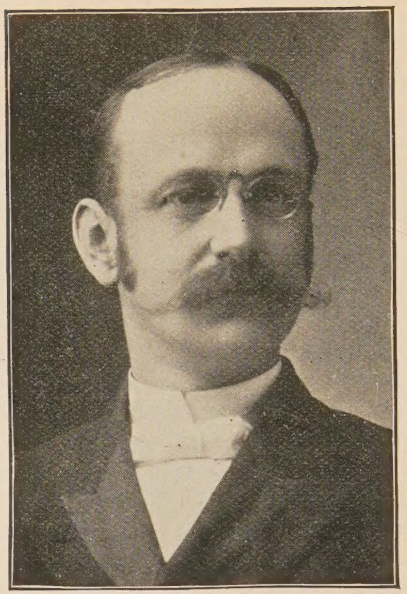
That some of his theological conclusions are utterly abhorrent to the intelligent modern mind is freely acknowledged. The most conservative Christian opinion of today has revolted from them. There is an Edwardian paradox. He elaborately, persistently, and eloquently insists upon love as the last end in creation; and yet he taught that from all eternity God had foreordained the vast majority of the human race to eternal suffering for his own glory. He had the yearning love of a devoted pastor for his flock. He sought to reveal the love of God to them; he had a tender care for the children and for the humble and the ignorant, as for the Indians in his Stockbridge parish, and yet he preached and believed the Enfield Sermon.

May we not say that being the logician that he was, and the courageous and honest man that he was, with the premises from which he started, it could not be otherwise, taking only logic for his guide? Did he then take the wrong guide? Of this much we are certain: he walked with firm and fearless steps along whatever way his inexorable logic led him. But did any man ever discover the secret of the heart of God by reasoning? With faultless and magnificent precision he laid out the path for his feet, and then unfalteringly followed it to the end. He had the courage of his metaphysics, and so it came to pass that, like Dante, whose guide was a sublime poetic imagination, he trod the burning marl amid lurid fires, and walked in Paradise. He made a survey of the territory and put upon his chart, to be handed down to posterity, an infinite heaven and an infinite hell.

But may we not, without disrespect to his genius, ask: Can any man, with any human instrument, triangulate the Infinite, or can any man, by his logic and his dialectic, find out God to perfection? Certainly the wonderful and almost ecstatic vision of God, of which he has left the record, did not come to him through his logical faculty. It was direct vision. It was the fulfillment to him of the promise, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall *see* God." It was perception as direct and immediate as that through which he so keenly rejoiced in the beauties of earth and sky.

Is it not possible, then, that the service of Jonathan Edwards to this generation may be, in part at least, as an illustration of the futility of any attempt, even by the strongest and most acute intellect, to discover and define a fact of life, a vital relation, by the process of formal reasoning? Religious truth is inseparable from life, and life perpetually eludes analysis. This wonderful marksman aimed at the highest, but it is not to be wondered at that he could not shoot his arrow into the sun. It is no discredit to this peerless reasoner that he could not accomplish the impossible. It still remains true, reversing the saying of Lord Bacon, that the Kingdom of Heaven can be entered in no otherwise than the Kingdom of Nature, in the spirit of a little child.

The exercises at the Edwards commemorative services at Stockbridge on the fifth of October, held for four straight hours the undivided interest of an audience that filled the historic church of the plain. The addresses then delivered, which are reproduced in this volume, are of permanent value as discriminating interpretations of a phenomenal man, and as a substantial and most interesting contribution to the religious history of New England.



## ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

By. Rev. Elbert S. Porter.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once remarked that St. Anniversary is the patron saint of New England. It was, I think, Professor George P. Fisher who said that Jonathan Edwards is the patron saint of New England. Your presence here today tends to prove the truth of both of these assertions.

You certainly do us great honor in gathering in our quiet village, when you might have chosen for this union meeting of all the Congregational clans in Berkshire some larger and more bustling center. It is not, however, to honor us or our town that you come, but to remember gratefully that man of God who here wrought at the forge of truth, striving like Siegfried in the forest to fashion again with mighty blows, his broken sword, and to make it a better weapon than ever for the contest with error and evil. The size of a place is better measured by the magnitude of the men who make it,

than the number of its inhabitants, the amount of its product, or the riches that it represents. Chios, Stratford, Epworth, East Windsor and Bethlehem were little places, but I have never heard that the men born there were small. No one grudges to Stockbridge the title which the poet gave to the English Auburn, "Loveliest Village of the Plain;" nor I suppose, will any dispute the fact that she has reared up illustrious men and women, in numbers and influence, far out of proportion to her modest limits.

Certainly among all the honored names, associated with this ancient town, patriots, jurists, judges, divines, philanthropists, physicians and authors, none is more famous or revered than that of Jonathan Edwards. He was a student of deep things. In philosophy an idealist, in theology a determinist, in ethics a hedonist, in personal religion a mystic, he found in communion with God, in the reverent study of His Word, in the contemplation of his works and in an earnest endeavor to make the lives of men better and more fit for heaven, the solace, joy and constant employment of his eager life.

Stockbridge presented to him superior charms to the calls that came to him to labor in other fields. Here among the ever lasting hills, he found refuge from the strife of tongues, and in the language of Holy Writ, inscribed upon the tablet erected in his memory at Northampton, "He Walked With God." We must given him credit for good judgment in choosing for his place of rest and residence, the lovely hills and valleys of Berkshire in preference to the fertile fields of Virginia, or the noble mountains of Scotland. When, too, he was summoned to what appeared to his advisers, a wider sphere of influence, as President of Princeton college, it is small wonder that the usually calm, self-contained man of gigantic intellect, should have yielded to the unbidden influence of the feelings which he could not control as he covered his face with his hands and wept, to think that he must leave behind this dear retreat, these glowing forests, the quiet study, and the friends who had bidden him welcome and who were reluctant to say to him "Farewell."

Jonathan Edwards' judgment has been re-affirmed to a surprising extent by a succeeding age. Everyone is now

agreed that he was right in his demand at Northampton, that an earnest purpose and a moral life should characterize those who would become members of the Christian church.

Dr. George Gordon, speaking of his theology, apart from his anthropology, has declared that it is living, powerful and bound to become a new and profound influence.

His judgment that the heights, the lakes and streams of Berkshire, afford a good place in which to rest, to meditate and to refresh the weary spirit, is confirmed by the constantly increasing numbers of those who seek these picturesque scenes and bracing atmosphere, rear mansions upon the hills, or throng hospitable caravanseries, in order to gain here health and inspiration for labors and influence to be exerted in wider fields.

We honor, today a man who was essentially a student. Every moment possible was given to research, meditation and composition. Much paper was requisite for him to inscribe his thoughts. But that commodity was scarce and high in those early colonial days. Therefore, he utilized every scrap or stray piece that came within his reach, even pasting together the edges of newspapers, and from them forming blank-books in which to write.

As if in response to this need of the man of mind, there was begun about a hundred years ago at a point about two miles east of this spot, the manufacture of writing paper. Clear mountain springs furnished an abundant supply of clear water with which to wash the rags laboriously pounded by hand into pulp. By using a score of mortars, a hundred pounds of pulp was thus produced in a day.

Careful estimates reveal the fact that at present in a single day twenty-five tons of writing paper and ten tons of other papers are produced in our county—a total of 7,500 tons of writing and 3,000 tons of other goods, or a total of 10,500 tons in a year. If Jonathan Edwards had been able to write ten sheets an hour for ten hours a day, calculating 125 sheets to the pound and three hundred working days per annum he would have had in the writing paper now annually produced in Berkshire enough material to last him a hundred thousand years.

No doubt the billions of sheets which issue from our valleys are put to excellent uses, in furnishing material for our national currency and the medium for correspondence and literary composition, but it may be doubted if the tons of finest paper that go forth to counting rooms, boudoirs, studies and universities are put to any higher uses than were the stray scraps upon which Edwards wrote his thoughts of God.

In the name of this ancient church of which he was the second pastor, I have the privilege of welcoming you most heartily to a share in the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of a man to whom honor is due, as a laborious student, an ingenious meta-physician, a resolute moralist, a mighty theologian, a devoted missionary, a pioneer in modes of thought that have led to much advance in knowledge, a faithful and loving husband and the noble ancestor of a splendid race of descendants. May we be refreshed by our fellowship and strengthened in our faith through our meeting here today.

Stockbridge Congregational Church.

# THE EDWARDS FAMILY.

By Rev. G. W. Andrews.

Professor Allen of the Episcopal Theological School of Cambridge in his biography of Jonathan Edwards says of him: "Among the great names in America of the last century, the only other name which competes in celebrity with his own is that of Benjamin Franklin, who labored for this world as assiduously as Edwards for another world". Robert Hall, who only knew him by his books, said: "I regard him as the greatest of the sons of men". These words may seem extravagant to those who only know of the man through some of his extreme theological views. Yet these are the statements of men who were estimating his services to the world in the realm of theology. Great as these services were, they are small when compared with the larger service he has rendered through his posterity.

A study of the Edwards family reveals the great value of a Christian home to a nation and to the world. All families into which children have come, transmit their characteristics to succeeding generations. But righteousness has such a peculiarly energizing property that it is perpetuated longer than unrighteousness. The sins of the father are visited upon the

children to the third and fourth generation, but the mercy of God passes down to the thousandth generation. The Christian family therefore, being based upon righteousness and recognizing its need and seeking to be controlled by it, transmits a larger power than do other families.

The Protestant Reformation, among other valuable services to mankind, bestowed an important service in rescuing the clergy from a celibate life and establishing them in the home, where by reason of better opportunities to know and practice the virtues of the Christian life, they could not only illustrate the teaching which they preached, but they could also transmit tendencies to righteous living and vigorous thinking. This statement finds a ready proof in the after life of the large majority of children who have been trained in the parsonages of this and other Christian countries. No one who is at all conversant with the facts now cavils at ministers' sons and deacons' daughters. The proportion that go astray is so very small that they are classed as the rare exceptions.

The statement also finds a most convincing proof in the history of the Edwards family. Dr. A. E. Winship of the Journal of Education has done a rare service in his monograph entitled "Jukes—Edwards", in which he makes a contrast between the Jukes tribe and the Edwards family. Many of the facts here presented are gleaned from this book. No one can read it without saying that the parsonage of East Windsor, Conn., has been a blessing to this nation.

The first persons to dwell in that parsonage were the Rev. Timothy Edwards, a grandson of William Edwards, one of the first settlers of Hartford, a thrifty man of Welsh ancestry, and his wife Esther Stoddard. The strength of the Cambrian Hills was imparted to the character of Timothy Edwards. Such were his extraordinary attainments in learning that Harvard College bestowed upon him, on the same day, the rare honor of the degrees of bachelor of arts and master of arts. Nor was his wife inferior to her husband in ancestry, intellectual vigor or Christian life. She was the daughter of the Rev. Solomon Stoddard, a Harvard graduate, a learned man, well versed in the religious controversies of his day, and an independent thinker. She is described as "tall, dignified and commanding in appearance, affable and gentle in her manner,

and regarded as surpassing her husband in native vigor of understanding."

To this man and his wife, so well born, so well educated, and so full of Christian virtues, there were given eleven children, ten daughters and one son. It would be of great interest to follow the career of all the children and estimate their influence, but we must confine ourselves to one. Jonathan Edwards was the fifth in this family. His training at home under the direction of his parents and sisters emphasizes the value of the feminine influence in education, and inferentially throws some light upon the problem of coeducation, which is so much derided at present by some of our modern exponents of pedagogics. If ever a lad had female rivals in the class room that lad was Jonathan, and so far as we can determine he was none the worse for it, and there is no evidence that his sisters were hurt. And that was nearly two hundred years ago. However, the world moves, and perhaps today the masculine mind is more susceptible to the pernicious influence of femininity.

This lad entered Yale College at twelve, was graduated in due season, and then took a post-graduate course. At twenty-three, he became associate-pastor at Northampton with his grandfather, the Rev. Solomon Stoddard. A year later he was married to Sarah Pierpont. She was descended from the choicest of the Pierpont stock in England and America. She was the daughter of one of the principal founders and professors of Yale. Her great-great-grandfather was the Rev. Thomas Hooker, first pastor of the church at Hartford, who finds a place in a series of volumes on "The Makers of America", with the names of John Winthrop, Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson and Robert Morris. She was to the "manor born" in culture and Christian grace. Her husband's description of her when she was but thirteen has been frequently quoted and is worth requoting. "She is of wonderful sweetness, calmness, and universal benevolence of mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place singing sweetly; and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure; and no one knows for what." George Whitefield wrote in his diary "that he sometimes wondered if it was not the Lord's will that he should marry, that he might thereby be more useful; and that if it

was the Lord's will that he should marry, he wished to be reconciled thereto; but he did hope the Lord would send him as a wife such a woman as Mrs. Edwards, whom he considered the most beautiful and noble wife for a Christian minister that he had ever known."

As in his father's family, so there came into the home of Jonathan Edwards and his wife, eleven children. It is of the influence of these children and their descendants that we are to treat. As the choice of a life partner is a good test of character, the husbands of the daughters may properly be reckoned as belonging to the family. Had one a complete record of all the lineal descendants, he could safely ignore these husbands in the general treatment of the family. The showing would certainly be marvellous enough. There is no need to ask those who do not have the Edwards blood to add lustre to the family.

Among the chief elements of national development, we assign education a high place. Whatever and whoever aids in the mental training of the young are important factors in national life. Here we may place the college, the school, the college president and professor and the school teacher. Now it is worthy of note that the father of Jonathan Edwards was one of the Connecticut pastors who met at Branford and brought some of the most valuable books from their libraries and placed them on the table saying: "I give these books for the founding of a college in this colony." This was the beginning of Yale college, an institution that has sent over 20,000 graduates into the world. The son of a founder of this magnificent institution of learning, and the husband of the daughter of another founder, Jonathan Edwards through his descendants, has contributed three presidents to Yale, who administered the office in the three periods when Yale made her greatest advances—Timothy Dwight 1794-1817, Theodore Dwight Woolsey 1846-1871 and the later Timothy Dwight 1886-1897. The first of these is called one of "the most eminent Americans." Of the second, President Hayes once said "that he was greatly perplexed at one time as to the line of public policy to pursue until it occurred to him that President Woolsey was the one American on whose judgment he could rely, and after he had consulted him his course was clear and his action wise."

In the days before a college president became a business manager of a great corporation, and his teaching talent had full exercise, the influence over student life was beyond reckoning. The personal influence of these men, like that of Hopkins of Williams, McCosh of Princeton, Finney of Oberlin, and Seelye of Amherst was one of the great assets of the college and of unspeakable value to the student body.

Nor did this remarkable family confine itself to Yale. It gave presidents to Princeton, Union, Hamilton, Amherst, The University of Tennessee, Johns Hopkins, the Columbia Law School, and Andover Theological Seminary.

The college professor shares with the head of the institution the honors of its success and contributes to it. This family had sixty-five worthy occupants of professorial chairs. The academies and seminaries have contributed to the college ranks, and there have been several of this family who have been at the head of such institutions. Add to these the number who have been teachers in different kinds of schools. Then again add the money which they have given for the support of schools and colleges—one member alone giving a quarter million dollars to the endowment of Yale—and then one may get a fair appreciation of the services of this family to the education of the nation.

The press occupies an important place among the institutions which have contributed to our national greatness. One may very well be given to flights of rhetoric when speaking of the influence of the press, and he will probably not soar much beyond the simple truth. The printed page whether in the form of newspaper, magazine or book of fact or fiction, has been everywhere present and like the poor is ever with us. Editors and authors, obscure and eminent, even the ubiquitous reporter, have guided public opinion and stimulated human thought. To have worthily contributed to the ranks of the members of the press is one of the honors that have fallen to this family. More than sixty of its members have been prominent in authorship or editorial life. Dr. Winship says: "I have found 135 books of merit written by the family, and eighteen considerable journals edited by them,—several important ones were founded by them." Among the papers edited may be mentioned "The New York Daily Advertiser,"

"The Interior," Chicago, "The Hartford Courant." Among the books written are "The Conquest of Canada," "The Spanish Conquest of America," "Greece and Roman Mythology," "History of Virginia," "Five Years in an English University," and "Richard Carvel." These are not the most important, but they represent the type of authorship outside the purely theological.

There are those who are inclined to rate the legal mind as the highest type. Others may not fully agree with them. But no one will dispute that it requires a very clear intellect to deal with matters of jurisprudence. That there have been those in this family who possessed this clear intellect is shown by the legal eminence of some of them. Professor Brice placed one of them, Prof. Theodore William Dwight, at the head of legal learning in the United States, and said: "It would be worth an English student's while to cross the Atlantic to attend his course." He was called by another English writer "the greatest living American teacher of law." Prof. Dwight was the legal editor of Johnson's Encyclopedia.

The list of lawyers among them is amazingly long. Perhaps it is this quality of mind that has led so many of them into public life. Two of them were members of the Continental Congress, one a member of the Convention that framed the Constitution of the United States, several were members of conventions that framed constitutions for the several states, three were United States Senators, several were members of the National House of Representatives, one a Vice-President of the United States who barely lost an election as President. He is said to be the only one for whom the family had cause to blush. I refer to Aaron Burr, the grandson of Jonathan Edwards. One of them in the person of Mrs. Roosevelt has entered the White House as its mistress. Others have been mayors of cities, members of state legislatures, Governors of such states as Ohio, Connecticut, South Carolina. From the time of the Revolution to the Civil War they have furnished brave soldiers who have sustained the honor of the nation.

The health of the people who form a nation must be considered when forecasting its future. The man who aids in preserving health and in breaking the power of disease is a public benefactor. Such is the skillful physician. The Ed-

wards family has been strikingly long lived and vigorous. In this way they have added to the strength of the nation. But they have done more than this. Sixty of its members have been physicians of more than ordinary skill. Who will estimate the amount of suffering that has been relieved, the number of hearts that have been made glad through their ministrations? They have tenderly cared for the insane, have soothed the fevered brow, have wrought wonders through surgery. Like the Great Physician, they have gone about doing good.

When we ask what were their contributions to the Christian Church, the queen of all institutions, we are overwhelmed with the answers. The life-blood, the clear intellect, the calm and steadfast trust in God, the gracious sweetness of character and confident belief in the supremacy of righteousness have been the Edwards gift to many denominations. The family has given to the churches some of the most eminent names on the ecclesiastical roll. More than a hundred clergymen are in their ranks. It has given professors to schools of theology. It has sent missionaries to successful work in Asia Minor, India, Africa, China, Hawaii and the South Sea Islands. Truly it may be said that their line has gone out in all parts of the earth. The family has had a genius for religion and this genius has been put to magnificent service in the Kingdom of God.

We might well pause here. But there is much more to be said. The Edwards mind is versatile. It adapts itself to all conditions of life. Therefore we find its members at the head of great industries, directing financial institutions, managing mines, controlling corporations. It is said that fifteen American systems of railway have had as president, superintendent, or otherwise active in the management, one of the family. The wealth that has come to some of the members has swelled the great stream of benevolence and made the world happier. Such a family as this is the nation's strength. We may well pray that it be duplicated a thousand fold. It is an ideal to which other families may aspire but to which none can attain except by the same God-consciousness, spirituality and belief in the ultimate supremacy of virtue which were so notable characteristics of Jonathan Edwards.

## THE MODERN NOTE IN EDWARDS.

By Rev. I. Chipman Smart.

Modern notes one might almost say, for there is a whole gamut of them, but if I should try to sound them all, with such a program as this ahead of us, I should deserve to become a proof text for Edwards' sermon on "Wicked Men Useful in Their Destruction Only." I shall try to avoid such a fate by respecting a saying of the wise, "Truth is the most valuable thing we have, therefore let us economize it."

Edwards had a reasoned, sure, warm feeling that God comes straight to men and illumines their minds, straight as a sunbeam comes to the eye. Tennyson had the same feeling.

> "Speak to him, thou, for he hears,
> And spirit with spirit can meet;
> Closer is he than breathing,
> And nearer than hands and feet."

A sermon of Edwards on the Reality of Spiritual Light expresses that feeling. The sermon might be preached this afternoon, and with all our theological dialects we should hear,

every man in his own tongue, the wonderful works of God. I take one paragraph from the sermon: "Men have a great deal of pleasure in human knowledge, in studies of natural things, but this is nothing to that joy which arises from this Divine light shining into the soul. This light gives a view of those things that are immensely the most exquisitely beautiful, and capable of delighting the eye of the understanding. This spiritual light is the dawning of the light of glory in the heart. There is nothing so powerful as this to support persons in affliction, and to give the mind peace and brightness in this stormy and dark world."

The feeling that God comes straight to the mind is a current that runs far and deep and wide through the serious life of our day, and it is a healing stream. Men lose leprosies in it—leprosies of doubt—doubt arising because God has been shown to them as an idol in a cage, a cage of Bibliolatry, a cage of mediaeval superstition. A dash of the healing stream clears men's eyes of dust; a drink of it washes the dust from their throats. Life is magnificent now, just that, a time of *great doing*, but it raises a dust. Some people call the dust materialism, some commercialism, some worldliness, some ostentation; it has many names. The magnificence is greater if you can get rid of the dust.

The feeling that God comes straight to the mind is dangerous. Even when it is justified by real experience, it is often overwhelming. It may make a man awkward and absent and careless in some common matters where we are bound by chains of reason and morality to this world, but the feeling in a prophet who has seen no vision, the feeling snatched by the shallow who confidently misunderstand and misrepresent and caricature it, is a pestilence. It was in Edwards' day. It leads to pride, to extravagance, to insanity, to silliness—silliness giddily sporting in the ground-up dust and cinders of the world's burned-out and refuse superstitions, like the eddying whirlwinds in the wake of a flying train. And yet the feeling is good. The truth in it is too great to be left alone in the mind. Nothing can keep it in its place and proportion but another great truth demanding equal room and sway. The possibility is easy in many directions that there may be too much of a good thing. If the air were all oxygen we should

die. If the air were all hydrogen we should die. But since it is both oxygen and hydrogen it is breath of life. The feeling that God comes straight to our minds needs to be balanced by the feeling that He comes straight to other minds, that He has been coming for ages and will come when we have gone. The feeling needs to be balanced also by the trudging moralities of common sense and gentlemanly consideration and even by some very homely gravel in the shoe when one steps.

Of course this feeling that God comes straight to the mind is not modern only. It is not Edwardian only. It is as old as the noonday meeting at the door of Abraham's tent. You feel great throbs of it in St, Paul. St. John beats with almost nothing else in the rythmic music of his heart. It shakes Augustine at his mother's death bed. It smites the nail prints into St. Francis' hands. Cromwell, the man of iron, melts under it. It ravishes the soul of Edwards in the loneliness of the forest. A Harvard professor of psychology not long ago confessed to Scotchmen that he had had twinges of the feeling himself. And John Fiske—how far is it from Jonathan Edwards to John Fiske—has any one a string in his pocket? Thank you, but I see we should need a rope factory and there is no time. And yet in some ways, I think, that Fiske goes with Edwards. He blew a blast on the trumpet which Edwards set to his lips. When we call Edwards great, when we call any man great who thinks about personal life, do we not mean that he takes up a trumpet about which the lips of men are always busy, sometimes with feeble gurglings, sometimes with ringing tones, and blows a blast on it at which both the ears of every man who hears it tingle as if the God of hosts marched in with the sound.

Ecstacy is not necessary to this feeling. Whoever is aware of a wonderful light shining in his mind to make the great truths, the great meanings, the great duties of life stand clear in their proper beauty and strength and eternal worth, walks with Edwards on the height where one may lift St. Agnes' prayer for "a heart as pure and clear as are the frosty skies." I do not assess the value of this feeling. I do not pretend that it is general. I only call attention to it and speak my conviction that it is a current which runs far and deep and

wide in the serious life of our day, and that on the whole, in spite of some hemlock afloat in it, it is a healing stream.

I have a friend who, when I ask him how he does, replies: "Pretty well, considering." Edwards was one of those men, plenty now as drops in a shower, nicknamed idealists who will give us no peace but keep saying that "Pretty well considering" is a perilous state. It accommodates itself too easily to the existing situation. It is simply clever politics. It is saving your skin. You must fight the existing situation. You must hack away the edges of circumstance and get elbow room. You must make unattained goodness not your dreamland but a law to clutch your wills. You must have a reach beyond your grasp, you must seek the Holy Grail, you must hitch your wagon to a star. If you believe that man has no second life, pitch this one high, or as Edwards said, you must do the will of God. "But you can't do the will of God," he added. No man can, and so you are just fuel for burning. God here and there snatches out a brand; the rest go up in smoke.

Once when the sons of a prophet were hungry, they set on the great pot and boiled pottage, but some one put in wild gourds by mistake, and as they were eating, they came to Elisha and said: "Oh, man of God! there is death in the pot." Elisha threw in a handful of meal, and there was no harm in the pot. But when there was death in Edwards' pot, he said, "I know it but I can't help it." "It will have to stay." And it did. Death of hope, despair of human nature, and tragical personal despair. There is always death in the idealist's pot until the right kind of meal is flung into it.

Modern thinking and modern stories abound in gloomy views of human nature, and yet the ideal of manhood was never pitched higher than it is today. If you look to life outside of books, you find the same thing. There in the coal mines, men pursuing an end which glowed before them as a kind of Holy Grail; but some of them turned to tigers when they saw a hand threatening to snatch the cup from their lips.

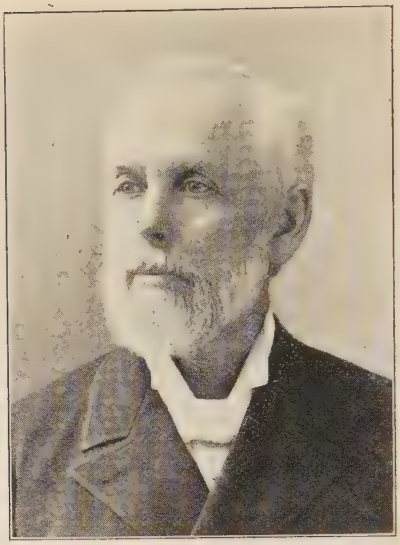
You know what Edwards' despair was. The moan of it is on all the shores of his life like the moaning of the sea. How like a horror of darkness hell gloomed in his mind. He described it with a kind of desperate fascination. You feel in

some of his awfullest passages the shuddering recoil of a splendid mind at the mouth of a fiery furnace, but since the furnace was there, he strode through thoroughly like a Puritan.

The language of the moral idealist, is substantially the language of Edwards—Obey God's will or die and go to hell. But you can't obey God's will. Enter despair. Obey your fine ideal or lose the life of your life and suffer the pains of hell. But you can't obey your fine ideal. Enter despair. Curtain. Second Act. God choosing some and taking them with him to paradise. But we can match that too. We have our doctrine of election. Environment, we call it, and it is arbitrary like election. The winds which carry seeds are very arbitrary. They drop some in green pastures, beside still waters; they drop some in the yellow scurf beside a dead sea. Enter more despair.

But what is the door of hope? Edwards opened it in his sermon on Spiritual Light, but he neither went in himself nor suffered those who were entering to go in. He even slammed the door in the face of those who needed it most. He slammed it in one small sentence where he distinguished common grace from special grace as if God were a kind of double personality, Mr. So So and Mr. Very Good Edwards left all but the elect to the care of Mr. So So. If he had dropped that mischievous distinction and believed and taught that one God for one end of love sends His one spirit into the minds of men for every good service, he would have flung wide the door of hope. He did not need to darken the glory of God's sovereign will by so much as the shadow of a hair. He did not need to imagine the slightest quaver in the magnificent call of God to man. All he needed was to hear in that call deep calling unto deep. All he needed was to believe and teach that God comes straight to the mind in every motion of duty and love and comes to save, and then his beautiful sermon on Spiritual Light would be a Gospel for the day.

I started out to pick up a feather from an eagle's wing. If I keep on, I shall be flapping my own wings and—you are very kind, my friends, I thank you for thinking so, but really they are not eagles' wings, and I fold them.



## THE OTHER SIDE OF EDWARDS.

Rev. Lyman S. Rowland, D. D.

There are sides of the character of Jonathan Edwards so apparent and universally recognized as to be almost beyond the scope of further debate,—his surpassing greatness in at least two directions—as a philosophic theologian and as a Saintly Christian man. After the consenting verdict of two centuries to his eminence on these sides he must be a bold man indeed who will venture to challenge it today. If the judgment of men like Thomas Chalmers, and Robert Hall, and Sir James Mackintosh, and Dugald Stewart, and George Bancroft, and Theodore D. Woolsey, and Edward A. Park, and George P. Fisher, is not to be accepted as final, then there is no such thing as finality of judgment with regard to any human greatness. Aristotle and Plato and Kant may yet be thrust from their pedestals. Paul's epistles and Shakespeare's plays may be suffered to go out of print and become lost to the memory of men.

But men are sometimes the victims of their own greatness. Their eminence in some directions leads them to ques-

tion or oversight of it in other directions. The first impression naturally from the sight of the giant redwoods of California is that of altitude. Their magnitude seems to be of one dimension only, until it is discovered that their footing on the ground is proportionate to their upreach toward the sky, that a coach and four can be driven through their excavated trunks and a house built upon their stumps. As the sequoia among the trees of the wood, so is our Edwards among the sons of men. All men are impressed by his altitude, but in the minds of many it is height at the expense of breadth; a great theologian indeed, but a narrow one, inclined to shut the gates of mercy on mankind, so severe and even cruel in his opinions as to be hardly worth the serious attention of men in this enlightened and kindly age. That such is a very general opinion of Edwards, I am confident. Said a gentleman driving through Stockbridge with a clerical friend of mine some time ago, as they passed the Edwards' monument, "That's the man who used to preach that hell is paved with infant skulls." Oliver Wendell Holmes in one of his occasional poems written in his later years speaks of Edwards as stamping in Princeton "his iron heel," and his long prose essay on Edwards is in much the same vein. Our recent and current literature abounds in such utterances. They will probably be heard from scores of pulpits and platforms in connection with this anniversary.

To fully set forth the other side of Edwards would require a volume. My limit of time will permit only a few illustrations, and I will give them mainly in his own words. It has been my experience in the reading of Edwards to discover evidence of breadth of view and of sympathy in unexpected places. Take for instance the conclusion of his treatise on Justification by Faith Alone. This treatise is made up you know of sermons preached in Northampton at the opening of the great revival in 1734-5. They proved indeed the first human impulse in that great work, being followed by an interest in religion that speedily pervaded the town and shook it to its foundations. It would seem that the minds of the people of Northampton must have been differently constituted from those of the rest of mankind, certainly from ours today, that such sermons, so searching and profound in their analy-

sis of the principles of Christian faith, often so minute and abstract in their reasoning, should have had such an effect. They seem as we read them now far better adapted to the thelogical lecture room than to the pulpit. But the great surprise is in the final paragraph. We should have expected, according to the common view of Edwards, a conclusion that would shut up men to the acceptance of his exact views, and that would reduce the way of faith to the dimensions of a needle's eye. Instead we are gratified by the final outlook as broad as any Christian of evangelical faith will take at the present time. The paragraph is a typical one in its concatenated structure, and must be quoted entire if at all:

"How far a wonderful and mysterious agency of God's Spirit may so influence some men's hearts, that their practice in this regard may be contrary to their own principles, so that they shall not trust in their own righteousness, though they profess that men are justified by their own righteousness; or how far they believe the doctrine of justification by men's own righteousness in general, and yet not believe it in a particular application of it to themselves; or how far that error which they may have been led into by education or cunning sophistry of others, may yet be indeed contrary to the prevailing disposition of their hearts, and contrary to their practice; or how far some men seem to maintain a doctrine contrary to this gospel doctrine of justification, that really do not, but only express themselves differently from others; or seem to oppose it through their misunderstanding of our expressions, or we of theirs, when indeed our real sentiments are the same in the main; or may seem to differ more than they do by using terms that are without a precisely fixed and determinate meaning; or to be wide in their sentiments from this doctrine for want of a distinct understanding of it, whose hearts at the same time entirely agree with it, and if it were clearly explained to their understandings, would immedately close with it, and embrace it:—how far these things may be I will not determine; but am fully persuaded that great allowances are to be made on these and such like accounts in innumerable instances; though it is manifest from what has been said that the teaching and propagating contrary doctrines and schemes are of a pernicious and fatal character."

I submit, my brethren, that no reasonable Christian mind can demand greater breadth of application for this fundamental doctrine of the Gospel than this: that we have here by plain implication if not in full expression that principle of *essential* and *unconscious* faith as distinguished from *actual* faith in which we take refuge from so many of our doubts and difficulties in this time of religious unrest.

A similar gratifying surprise awaits the reader in the recognition by Edwards of the possible varieties and methods of conversion under the illumination that came to him in connection with the great revival. No mind was ever more open to the convincing influence of facts than was that of Jonathan Edwards. However narrow his previous views, we find him in his Narrative of Surprising Conversions recognizing as fully as any modern minister or evangelist the fact that there are diversities of operations while it is the same God that worketh all in all. He returns to the subject again and again as if delighting in the discovery. One illustration must stand for many equally to the point:

"There is an endless variety in the particular manner and circumstances in which persons are wrought on, and an opportunity of seeing so much of such a work of God, will show that God is further from confining himself to certain steps, and a particular method in his work on souls, than it may be some do imagine. I believe it has occasioned some good people amongst us, that were before ready to make their own experiences a rule for others, to be less censorious and more extensive in their charity, and this is an excellent advantage indeed. The work of God has been glorious in its variety, it has more displayed the manifoldness and unsearchableness of the wisdom of God and wrought more charity among his people."

He learned not to demand from converts a statement of the precise time of their conversion, and that the milder forms of experience were as likely to be followed by the genuine fruits of the Spirit in the life as the more sudden and convulsive. He came to believe in the reality of the conversion of children, of very young children. Indeed his attitude toward children, notwithstanding the severity of his view as to their inherited depravity, was always most tender and af-

fectionate. He devotes a most touching paragraph to the lambs of his flock in his farewell sermon to the church in Northampton, a feature I believe quite unique on such an occasion, and proving conclusively that Edwards was as far as possible from being the Moloch of the common fancy.

Edwards has been supposed to set up an almost insuperable barrier to Church membership in his Qualifications for Communion. He was greatly misjudged in his own time in this respect as he still it. He is supposed to put his treatise on the Religious Affections, with its almost impossible ideal of the Christian life, at the portals of the church to warn off applicants for admission. But he indignantly repudiates in his reply to his critics such an aspersion on his Christian charity and common sense. Instead of making the requirements as high and difficult as possible he would make them as easy as possible in consistency with the reality of the Christian character. What he did insist on with all the energy of his nature was the fact of regenerate character as a qualification for membership, in opposition to the prevailing view under the Half Way Covenant that all that should be required was respectability of outward conduct. This was the ground of his quarrel with his church, and for this opinion he was willing to go into exile. But as respects the formula of admission,—while he would have preferred something more,—he would have been content with one of three or four lines like the following: "I hope I do truly find a heart to give up myself wholly to God according to the tenor of that covenant of grace which was sealed in my baptism; and to walk in a way of observance to all the commandments of God which the covenant of grace requires as long as I live,"—hardly more you notice than is now required for the admission of young people to a Christian Endeavor Society. While he thinks that some preliminary examination of candidates is desirable he would make that also as simple as possible. "Neither minister nor church," he says, "are to set up themselves as searchers of hearts, but are to accept the serious and solemn profession of the well instructed professor of a good life, as best able to determine what he finds in his own heart." Who can ask that the doors of the Christian church should be opened wider than this? It seems almost a dangerous extreme in the liberal direction.

Edwards has doubtless suffered in the judgment of men from nothing so much as from what have been called his "imprecatory sermons," that is, his sermons on the wrath of God toward sinners, and the certain and terrible retribution awaiting them in the future. Imprecatory is hardly too strong a term to apply to these sermons. They are simply terrific in their presentation of the severer elements of Christian truth. I could speedily empty this church by quoting characteristic passages. I suppose the impression of Edwards in multitudes of minds has come entirely from these sermons. It is unfortunate for his reputation that they form so large a part in the collections that have come down to us in his printed volumes. They were preached, the most of them, during the great revival, and were preserved I suppose, as a part of the history of that remarkable movement. Much might be said in mitigation of judgment. Edwards himself defends them against his critics, and on his own ground it is difficult to answer him.

But my object is not defense or excuse. Let them stand just as we find them like the mount that might be touched and that burned with fire, and at the sight of which Moses said, "I exceedingly fear and quake." What I claim is that there is another side to the preaching of Jonathan Edwards, a Calvary as well as a Sinai, a Paradise as well as an Inferno. He makes much of heaven and its unspeakable felicities. He has a most remarkable sermon on the Excellency of Christ; one on Spiritual Light, as beautiful and suggestive as is to be found in the language; one on the Peace which Christ gives His True Followers; one on God the Best Portion of the Christian; one on the Sorrows of the Bereaved spread before Jesus. Most of his treatises are made up of sermons. Among those still in manuscript we are told there is a series on the Beautitudes. He was not always preaching in the line of the imprecatory sermons. They probably were a small fraction of the multitude covering the whole field of Christian truth, preached by him during the twenty-three years of his Northampton pastorate. He believed in what he called "affectionate appeal", and was hardly less powerful in that direction than in its opposite. Everybody has heard of his Enfield sermon on Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God, but few I imagine

have seen this appeal to "old sinners" who may be hindered in their approaches to Christ by the thought that possibly they have sinned away the day of grace, in the application of a sermon on Pardon for the Greatest Sinners:

"Hath God said anywhere that he will not accept of *old sinners* who come to him? God hath often made promises in universal terms, and is there any such exception put in? Doth Christ say, All that thirst let them come to me and drink except *old sinners?* Come to me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, except *old sinners,* and I will give you rest? Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out, if he be not an *old sinner?* Did you ever read such an exception anywhere in the Bible? And why should you give way to exceptions which you make out of your own heads, or rather which the devil puts into your heads, and which have no foundation in the word of God?"

And could there be an appeal more expressive of the inmost spirit of the Gospel than this from the Sermon on the Excellency of Christ, from the text in Revelation that exhibits Christ as both lion and lamb?

"What is there that you can desire should be in a Saviour that is not in Christ? Or wherein should you desire a Saviour to be otherwise than Christ is? What excellency is there wanting? What is there that is great and good? What is there that is venerable and winning? What is there that is adorable or endearing? Or what can you think of that would be encouraging that is not to be found in the person of Christ?"

In the light of this other side of the preaching of Edwards can we wonder at his success in winning souls? We have been taught in recent years that the depth and richness of Christ's personality are a comparatively recent discovery; does not Edwards seem to have penetrated quite as far into that great and gracious mystery as any of our modern teachers?

The style, we are told, is the man; it will not therefore be considered beside the mark to claim that there is another side also to the style of Jonathan Edwards. Forbidding as it often seems at first view, cumbrous and repetitious, we find in it on closer scrutiny, such elements of power, of suggestiveness, not seldom of beauty, that we may properly class him

with our great writers. Edwards was entirely without literary cultivation. President Woolsey tells us that logic was the staple study in Yale college at that time, that during a portion of the course the students were required to dispute syllogistically five times a week while not the slightest attention was paid to rhetoric and composition at any time. It speaks wonders for his natural genius that with such an utter lack of training, he shows from the first such a power of expression. The poetic element in his writings has not passed unnoticed; but so much emphasis has been placed on his description of Sarah Pierpont written when he was twenty, as to breed the impression that this element in his writing is a rare one and confined to his youth. As matter of fact it pervades them, coming out now in passages of sweetness and beauty, and now Miltonic and Dantesque in their sublimity and power. There is no evidence so far as I know that he ever wrote a line of metrical poetry. I doubt whether there is a quoted line of poetry in all his works, or a suggestion that he had ever opened Milton or Shakespeare, although it would seem as if at some time in his life copies of these poets must have been within his reach. And yet we cannot doubt that he had in him the making of a great poet if he had received early cultivation, and if his energies had been turned in that direction.

But I have in mind more particularly a feature of the other side of the writings of Edwards of a different nature and which seems to have been almost entirely overlooked,—his power of condensed expression by which great truths are summed up with the terseness of proverbs, which separated from their cumbrous surroundings, and made to shine in their unobstructed light, remind us of the sentences of Emerson. They are often sermons and treatises in a nutshell and none the less so that they sometimes provoke dissent. A few quotations must suffice for illustration:

"There can be no spiritual knowledge of that of which there is not first a rational knowledge."

"There can be no love without knowledge."

"An imperfect righteousness before a judge is no righteousness."

"Prayer is only the voice of faith."

"To say that there is a law that does not require perfect obedience to itself, is to say that there is a law that does not require all that it requires."

"So far as anyone gives his love to another he gives himself."

"Faith with respect to good is accepting, and with respect to evil is rejecting."

"There is a difference between having an opinion that God is holy and gracious, and having a sense of the loveliness and beauty of that holiness and grace. There is a difference between having a rational judgment that honey is sweet, and having a sense of its sweetness."

"Reason's work is to perceive truth, not excellency."

"It (spiritual light) is a kind of emanation of God's beauty, and is related to God as the light is to the sun."

Sometimes there is in these utterances a tinge of sarcasm:

"The reason why many good men behave no better in many instances, is not so much that they want grace, as that they want knowledge."

"When the wise man says there is a time to dance, that does not prove that the dead of night is the time for it."

He indulges but little in extended comparisons, but those that he does use are so perfect and often beautiful, that we wish there were more of them, as when speaking of degrees of glory in redeemed saints, he says:

"The saints are so many vessels of different sizes cast into a sea of happiness where every vessel is full; this Christ purchased for all; yet it is left to God's sovereign pleasure to determine the largeness of the vessel; Christ's righteousness meddles not with this matter."

Speaking of fitness for church membership he says:

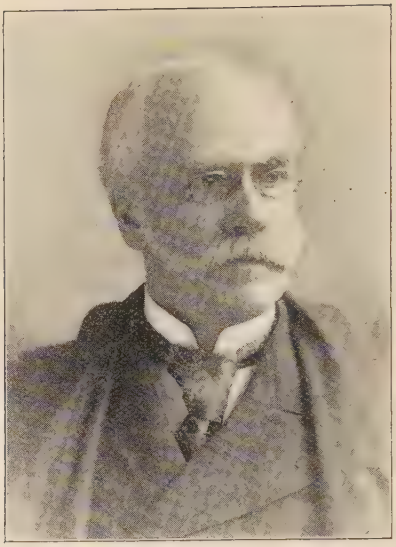
"Nothing can be fitness for a *durable privilege* but a *durable qualification.* For no qualification has any fitness or adaptedness for more than it extends to: as a short scabbard cannot be fit for a long sword."

Humor is the last thing we should look for in the writings of Jonathan Edwards, but about as perfect a specimen of it as can be found in the language appears in the illustration in which he sums up the contradictions of the Arminian theory of the human will:

"If some learned philosopher, who had been abroad, in giving an account of the curious observations he had made in his travels, should say, 'He had been in Terra del Fuego and there had seen an animal which he calls by a certain name, that begat and brought forth itself, and yet had a sire and dam distinct from itself; that it had an appetite and was hungry before it had a being; that his master who led him and governed him at his pleasure, was always governed by him, and driven by him where he pleased; that when he moved he always took a step before the first step; that he went with his head first, and yet always went tail foremost; and this though he had neither head nor tail;—it would be no imprudence at all to tell such a traveler, though a learned man, that he himself had no notion or idea of such an animal as he gave account of, and never had, nor ever would have."

The affinity in some respects between the mind of Edwards and that of Emerson has been frequently noticed. It certainly seems as if the same mind that coined the idea of this self-contradictory animal might have written Brahma; or, if we could imagine Emerson reading the Freedom of the Will, that he might have plagiarized Brahma from this illustration!

This pithy element in Edwards finds most frequent illustration in his milder writings, and in his more closely reasoned argumentation when he is in hot chase of an opponent,—"driving an enemy up Salt River," as Professor Park used to say; but also sometimes in his most passionate and terrible passages where it shines like crystals among the scoriæ left by volcanic fires. But Edwards himself is so unconscious of this quality that the reader himself is likely to miss it. To discover it by search is much like placer mining, requiring a good deal of sifting out of coarser material before the golden grains and nuggets appear. But the discoveries are worth the pains. I believe that a volume of sentences and paragraphs of this nature might be culled from his writings that would outrank the Thoughts of Pascal, that as a stimulus to thought and a help to devotion would be of untold value to the Christian Church, and that would serve to set Edwards himself in quite a new light before the world.



## JONATHAN EDWARDS: A STUDY.

By Prof. DeWitt, Princeton Theological Seminary.

I am deeply indebted to your Committee for the honor they have done me in inviting me to take part in this celebration. My hesitation in accepting their invitation was due solely to the feeling I had that a son of New England could more appropriately than a stranger ask your attention to an appreciation of this great New Englander. This hesitation was overcome, partly by the cordiality with which the invitation was extended, and partly by the consideration that Princeton, where Edwards did his last work and where his body lies to-day, might well be represented on the occasion by which we have been assembled. Moreover, Princeton College, when Edwards was called to its presidency, was largely a New England institution of learning. Both of his predecessors in that office, Jonathan Dickinson and Aaron Burr, were natives of New England, graduates of the College at New Haven and Congregational ministers. Associated with Dickinson and Burr in the planting of the College were not only other Yale

men, but Harvard men also: Ebenezer Pemberton and David Cowell and Jacob Green and, above all, Jonathan Belcher, sometime Royal Governor of the Colony of Massachusetts and *ex-officio* Overseer of Harvard, his *alma mater;* who, when afterward he was commissioned Royal Governor of the Province of New Jersey, to repeat his own words, "adopted as his own this infant College," gave to it a new and more liberal charter, and so largely aided it by private gifts and official influence that its Trustees called him its "founder, patron and benefactor." I am glad as a Princeton man to find in the anniversary of the birth of one of its Presidents an opportunity to acknowledge the University's great debt to New England. And, if you will permit a personal remark, I cannot forget that in coming to these services I am returning to the Commonwealth of which I am proud to have been a citizen, and to the Massachusetts Association of Congregational Ministers whose list of pastors for six successive year contained my name.* I should have to efface the memory of a pastorate exceptionally happy, and of unnumbered acts of kindness from the living and the dead, in order not to feel grateful and at home today.

But, after all, the highest justification of this commemoration of a man born two centuries ago is not that his genius and character and career reflect glory on the people and the class from whom he sprang, but that they contain notable elements of universal interest and value. The great man is great because in some great way he adequately addresses, not what is exceptional, not what is distinctive of any class or people, but what is human and common to the race; to whose message, therefore, men respond as men; whose eulogists and interpreters are not necessarily dwellers in his district or people of his blood; who is the common property of all to study, to enjoy, to revere and to celebrate. It is, above all, because Jonathan Edwards belongs to this small and elect class that we are gathered to honor his memory by recalling his story and reflecting on the elements of his greatness.

It would be inappropriate, certainly in this place and before this audience, for a stranger to repeat the well-known story of his life. I shall better meet your expectations if I

*Pastor of the Central Church, Boston.

shall reproduce the impressions of the man made on me by a renewed study of his collected writings and his life.

We shall agree that the inward career of Edwards was singularly self-consistent; that from its beginning to its close it is exceptionally free from incongruities and contradictions; that in him Wordsworth's line, "The child is father to the man," finds a signal illustration. When we are brought into contact with a life so unified, whose development along its own lines has not been hindered or distorted by external disturbances as violent even as that suffered by Edwards at Northampton, we naturally look for its principle of unity, the dominating quality which subordinated to itself all the others, or, if you like, which so interpenetrated all his other traits as to become his distinctive note. We are confident that such a quality there must have been, and that if we are happy enough at once to find it, we shall have in our possession the master key which, so far as may be to human view, will open to us the departments of his thought and feeling and activity.

A century later than Edwards there was born another great New Englander—Ralph Waldo Emerson—between whom and Edwards there is a strong likeness as well as a sharp contrast. Because this is his centennial year, Emerson like Edwards is just now especially present to our minds, and one is tempted to compare and contrast the two. To this temptation I shall not yield. But in order that we may properly approach and seize for ourselves a fine formula of Edwards' dominant quality, permit me to recall to you a study of Emerson by a *litterateur* of great charm and wide acceptance. Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his well-known lecture, says that Emerson is "not a great poet," he "is not a great man of letters," he "is not a great philosopher." Mr. Arnold, I think, does great injustice to Emerson in two of these negations. If I did not think so I should not associate him with so great a man as Edwards. I am not, indeed, concerned to defend the claims of Emerson to "a place among the great philosophers." His treatment of particular subjects was marked by discontinuity; and his tendency to gnomic, sententious forms of speech betrayed him not seldom into overstatement or exaggeration. Now, than discontinuity and overstatement there can scarcely be conceived more deadly foes to system-

building, to the construction of a world-theory; and the construction of a world-theory is the end of all philosophizing. It may be questioned whether Emerson ever permitted himself to rest in any fixed theory of the universe. I have the impression that for a fixed view of the universe he never felt the need, and that from all actual views of the universe which have been fixed in formulas he revolted. And, therefore, when Mr. Arnold says, "Emerson cannot be called with justice a great philosophical writer—he cannot build, he does not construct a philosophy," I do not know on what grounds we can dissent from his statement.

But when he goes further and, with the same positiveness, says, "We have not in Emerson a great writer or a great poet," Mr. Arnold passes from the region of opinion based on considerations whose force all estimate alike, into the region of opinion which has its source and ground in mere individual temperament and taste. Moreover, greatness is a word so vague as scarcely to raise a definite issue; and this fact might well have prevented so careful and acute a critic from employing it to deny to Emerson a quality which Mr. Arnold would have found difficult to define. Certainly this much can be said. If Emerson is not "a great writer, a great man of letters," yet, in his unfolding of ideas and in his portrayal and criticism of nature and of life, he has nobly fulfilled and is still fulfilling the function of a great man of letters to thousands of disciplined minds; interpreting for them and teaching them to interpret nature and man, educating their judgments, cultivating their taste, introducing them to "the best that has been thought and written," and stimulating and ennobling their whole intellectual life. And if he is not, as Mr. Arnold says he is not, "sensuous and impassioned" in his poetry, we must not forget that reflective poetry is Emerson's best and most characteristic poetic achievement; that reflective poetry cannot possibly be "censuous and impassioned"; and that Mr. Arnold is prejudiced against all reflective poetry, and, indeed does not think it poetry, whether it be Emerson's or Wordsworth's.

But though Mr. Arnold does Emerson injustice in these two negative propositions, I think that, in his positive statement, he has firmly seized and happily formulated Emerson's

dominating quality. He has given us the real clue to the significance of Emerson's literary product, regarded as a whole, when he says of him: "Emerson is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit." The friendship of Emerson for "those who would live in the spirit" is, indeed, his characteristic trait. He is also their "aider," as Mr. Arnold says. But the aid he offers them is conditioned precisely by the fact that he is a man of letters and a poetic interpreter of nature and of life, and that he does not bring to them a philosophy. I say, the aid he offers is conditioned by this lack of a philosophy; and by conditioned I mean limited. For because of it the realm of nature and spirit, as he presents it, is vast indeed, but vague and undefined and, so far forth, unrevealed. And therefore, as Mr. Arnold himself points out, his aid is confined to the sphere of the moral sentiments and action. Mr. Arnold does, indeed, express the opinion that "as Wordsworth's poetry is the most important work done in verse in our language in the nineteenth century, so Emerson's essays are the most important work done in prose." But this is the language of purely personal judgment. Far more important for us in estimating Emerson, with Mr. Arnold's help, as "an aider of those who would live in the spirit," is the sentence in which he formulates the precise content of the aid which Emerson extends. And this is the sentence: "Happiness in labor, righteousness and veracity; in all the life of the spirit; happiness and eternal hope—that was Emerson's gospel." A fair and felicitous description it is. And how clearly it reveals the limit of the aid which Emerson's gospel offers! How clearly it reveals that the aid extended is not the aid of a great thinker in the sphere of ultimate knowing and absolute being, but is aid confined to the sphere of the moral sentiments and action!

Thus, by a route somewhat circuitous indeed, but I trust not wholly without interest or propriety, we reach, in Mr. Arnold's characterization of Emerson, the formula of which I spoke as finely expressing Edwards' dominating and unifying quality. Edwards like Emerson is, above all else and by eminence, "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit." Who that knows him at all will deny him a right equal to that of Emerson to this high title? Of course, they

differ widely both in the aid they offer and in their methods of offering it. Emerson's aid is conditioned and limited, as I have already said, by his want of a firm and self-consistent doctrine of the universe, by his want of a philosophy. And we must be just as ready to acknowledge that Edwards' aid is as clearly conditioned and limited by his unfortunate poverty in the humanities, by his notable lack of feeling for poetry and letters. On the other hand and positively I think we may say, that it would be hard to name a man of letters who, having separated himself from all formulated philosophical and religious beliefs, has more nearly than Emerson exhausted the resources of letters and poetry in the service of "those who would live in the spirit." And among the great doctors of the Christian Church, it would be as hard to name one more distinctively spiritual in character and aim than Edwards, or one who, in cultivating the spiritual life in himself and promoting it in others, has more consistently or more ably drawn on the resources of his philosophy, his world-view, his Christian doctrine of the universe.

I am quite sure that this obvious likeness and difference between Edwards and Emerson is the right point of departure for any large study of their affinity and opposition. Such a study the day invites us to mention, but does not permit us to undertake. The day belongs, not to the great Puritan who gave up the Puritan conception of the universe for its interpretation by poetry and letters, but to the great Puritan who denied himself the high satisfactions of literature, that through his distinctively Christian doctrine of God and man he might be "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit." It is to his spirituality, and to his intellectual gifts and work, that I ask your attention.

## I.

How many writers have portrayed what one of them calls the "spirituality of mind" of the Northern and Teutonic peoples! One of the most striking passages in Taine's *English Literature* contrasts in this particular the Latin and Teutonic races. And a New England theologian and man of letters, in unfolding the truth that the Northern nations of Europe, unlike the Southern, were "spiritual in their modes of

thought," calls our attention to the fact that "the Northern heathen had fewer gods than the Southern, and could believe in their reality without the aid of visible form. He hewed no idol, and he erected no temple; he worshiped his divinity in spirit, beneath the open sky, in the free air." How far this spiritual temper can be attributed to climate, to "the influences which rained down from the cold Northern sky," we cannot say. Racial character would best be accepted as an ultimate fact. The fact itself is certain, that among the European peoples, the race to which Edwards belonged was most strongly marked by this spiritual quality. Moreover, it was precisely by the greater strength and intensity of this racial quality that the Puritan class was separated as a class from their own people. Spirituality is what the logicians call the specific difference of Puritanism. The unshaken belief in the reality of the spiritual universe, the ability to realize its elements without the aid of material symbols, the strong impulse to find motives to action in the unseen and eternal, to feed the intellect and the heart on spiritual objects, and in distinctively spiritual experiences or exercises to discern the highest joys and the deepest sorrows and the great crisis of life—these were the traits of the Puritans. And these traits were exhibited, not by a few cloistered souls who obeyed the "counsels of perfection" and were secluded from their fellows by special vows of poverty, celibacy and obedience, but by the mass of the population in Puritan New England; by countrymen and villagers and citizens and statesmen. This spirituality organized the governments and determined the politics of vigorous commonwealths. Theocratic republics, as spiritual as that which, under Savonarola, had so short a life in Florence, flourished for generations on American soil. It was in this Puritan society that Jonathan Edwards' American ancestors lived. They were typical Puritans, justly esteemed and influential in the communities in which they dwelt. The convictions, traditions and spirit of the class were theirs. This was especially true of both his father and his mother. The simplicity, the sincerity, the spirituality of Puritanism at its best were incarnate in them; and it was the Puritan ideal of life which, before his birth, they prayed might be actualized in their unborn child.

Belonging to this spiritual race, sprung from this spiritual class, descended from such an ancestry and born of such

a parentage, we have the right to anticipate that his dominant quality will be this spirituality of which I have spoken. We have the right to look for what Dr. Egbert Smyth calls, "Edwards' transcendent spiritual personality," and concerning which he says, that "the spiritual element" in Edwards "is not a mere factor in a great career, a strain in a noble character. It is his calmest mood as well as his most impassioned warning or pleading, his profoundest reasoning, his clearest insight, his widest outlook. It is the solid earth on which he treads" Dr. Smyth has thus stated in suggestive phrase the supreme truth concerning Edwards; the truth that his dominating quality, his differentiating trait, his prevailing habit of mind, is spirituality. The time at my disposal does not permit the illustration of this great quality in any adequate way. I can only touch on a few particulars which may help us better to appreciate it.

The careful student of Edwards is deeply impressed, first of all, by his immediate vision of the spiritual universe as the reality of realities. When I speak of the spiritual universe, I am giving a name to no indefinite object of thought. I mean God in His supernatural attributes of righteousness and love, the moral beings created in His image, the relations between them, and the thoughts and feelings and activities which emerge out of these relations. This was the universe in which Edwards lived and moved and had his being. As he apprehended it, it was no mere subjective experience, no mere plexus of sensations and thoughts and volitions. It was the one fundamental substance and the one real existence. It was the one objective certainty which stands over against the shadowy and illusory phenomena that we group under the title matter. And his vision of it was vivid and in a sense complete. He knew it not only in its several parts, but as a whole; as an ordered universe; as the macrocosm which he, the microcosm, reflected and to which he responded.

All this is true in a measure, to be sure, of all the other saints and, indeed, of the sinners also. It is in what I have called the immediacy of his spiritual apprehension that his distinction lies. There is, of course, a sense in which the spiritual world is immediately discerned by all of us. It is of spirit rather than of matter that our knowledge is direct. That

consciousness of a self which cannot be construed in terms of matter, or that idea of self which is a necessary postulate of all our thinking brings us at once into the universe of spirit. But in order to the vivid realization of this spiritual universe, there is necessary for the most of us a special activity or experience. And by this activity or experience our realization of the spiritual world is mediated. Edwards, in this respect, is a remarkable exception in his own class. Consider some great and notable men of the spiritual type. Consider St. Augustine. How true it is that the great elements of the spiritual world became vivid to Augustine through the mediation of his experience of sin! And that these spiritual elements were always interpreted by the aid of that experience, his *Confessions* abundantly testify. Or think of Dante. As Augustine reveals in his *Confessions* the instrumental relation to his deepening spirituality of the long period of sinful storm and stress, Dante makes perfectly clear to us in *The New Life* that it was the love of Beatrice which so mediated for him the spiritual world and so brought him under its sway, that in order to repeat and interpret the vision of it he laid under contribution his total gifts and learning. Or take John Calvin. That fruitful conception—more fruitful in Church and State than any other conception which has held the English-speaking world—of the absolute and universal sovereignty of the Holy God as a revolt from the conception then prevailing of the sovereignty of the human head of an earthly Church, was historically the mediator and instaurator of his spiritual career.

Now Edwards is distinguished from Augustine, Dante and Calvin by the fact that his intuition of the spiritual universe was, in the sense in which I have used the world, immediate. To a degree I should be unwilling to affirm of any other man I have studied, except one, his spirituality was natural. That he was a sinner, needing regeneration and atonement, he knew. That these were his blessed experience he was gratefully assured. But except the apostle called by eminence "the Theologian," St. John the Divine, I know no other great character in Church History of whom it can so emphatically be said, and when he "breathed the pure serene" of the spiritual world and gazed upon its outstanding features, or explored

its recesses, or studied the inter-relations of its essential elements, he did so as "native and to the manner born." To quote again the words of Dr. Smyth: "It is the solid earth on which he treads, its sleeping rocks and firm-set hills."

The spiritual universe, thus vividly and immediately apprehended as the reality of realities, of course, became, in turn, the interpreter to himself of all he did and felt. It became even the regnant principle of his association of ideas, so that the unpurposed movements of his mind in reveries were determined by it. How influential in his earliest thinking it was, you will see if you study his *Notes* on mind and ultimate being; and how persistent it was, you will see in his latest observations on *The End of God in Creation.* It governed his æsthetics also. The line between æsthetic emotion and spiritual feeling is sharp, and wide, and deep. Often as the two are confounded by those whose sensibilities are strongly stirred by beauty in nature or in fine art, it is still true that they are as distinct as spirit and matter. The æsthetic emotion is ultimate and never can be made over into spiritual affection. No one knew this better than Edwards. But through both reflection and experience he reached and formulated the conclusion, that the highest and most enduring æsthetic emotion is that which is called out not by material beauty but by holiness. And he may be said to have unfolded the great mediæval phrase, "The beatific vision of God," into the doctrine of the highest beauty, in his epoch-making treatise—epoch-making in America certainly the treatise was—on *The Nature of Virtue.* This seems to me a striking instance of the way in which his spirituality permeated and irradiated his thinking.

I think that even the traits of Edwards' style are best explained by this same quality. It has often been said of him that style is precisely what Edwards lacked. We are told that, after reading *Clarissa Harlowe,* he expressed regret that in his earlier years he did not pay more attention to style. We may be thankful certainly that he did not form his style on that of the affluent Richardson. I am unable to share the regret he expressed; unless, indeed, it was a regret that he did not always take pains to make his literary product eminent in the qualities of style which always marked it. Edwards was above all things sincere; and his style is the man. Its

qualities are clearness, severe simplicity, movement and force. In these he is eminent, almost as eminent as John Locke; and he is more eminent in his later than in his earlier compositions. They finely fit his theme and his spirit. His theme in substance is one. It is the spiritual universe, in some aspect of it. And his spirit is that of a man dominated by those spiritual affections which he teaches us are a lively action of the will. It was appropriate that his style should be calm and severe, and that even in his sermons it should lack the dilation and rhythm of a rapt prophet's emotional utterance. Edwards was no Montanist. He was a seer, indeed, but a seer with a clear vision; and the spirit of the prophet was subject to the prophet. No man of his day was, so far as I know, the subject of stronger or deeper spiritual affections. But no one knew better just what spiritual affections are. He knew especially how different they are from mere sensibility; and he was always calm under their sway. No other style than his could have so well reflected and expressed this spiritual, unhysterical man. And I must believe that his is the direct fruit of his spiritual quality. Certainly, it was spiritually effective. Never did any one's discourse make a more powerful and at the same time a more distinctively and exclusively spiritual impression on audience or readers. One of the most charming of modern poems is that in which Tennyson portrays the Lady Godiva, that she might take the tax from off her people, riding at high noon through Coventry "naked, but clothed on with chastity." So seem to me the bare and unadorned sermons and discussions of Edwards. Straight through his subject to his goal this master moves; unadorned yet not unclothed, but clothed upon with spirituality.

Or consider Edwards' emotional life. Dr. Allen, of Cambridge, in his paper on *The Place of Edwards in History,* has dwelt fondly on what he calls the spiritual affinity between Dante and Edwards. He makes the remark, that "the deepest of Edwards was not that with Calvin or with Augustine, but with the Florentine poet." Now, I am sure, that of his affinity with Augustine and with Calvin, Edwards was distinctly conscious. But nowhere, so far as I know, is there the slightest intimation that he had any interest in Dante's *New Life* or *The Divine Comedy.* He was no idealizing poet, no literary artist,

no allegorizer; and he seems to have taken little or no pleasure in this kind of literature. Had there been a fundamental sympathy between Dante and Edwards, it would have expressed itself in Edwards' works with Edwards' characteristic distinctness. But not only is Dante not mentioned, but, what is more striking, there is not an illusion, I think, in Edwards' works to the poems of the Puritan John Milton or the allegories of the Puritan John Bunyan. This seems inexplicable on Dr. Allen's theory of a strong affinity between the New England theologian and the Florentine poet. Most unhappy, however, is the palmary instance of this alleged affinity selected by Dr. Allen for remark. It is what he calls the striking spiritual likeness between Dante's words touching his first sight of Beatrice and Edwards' description of Sarah Pierpont. I refer to them, not to criticise Dr. Allen, but because the striking contrast between them helps us the better to appreciate the regnancy of Edwards' spiritual quality, even when he was under the spell of earthly love.

And the contrast is striking. Dante in noble and beautiful words describes the dress that Beatrice wore. "Her dress on that day was a most noble color, a subdued and goodly crimson, girded and adorned in such sort as best suited with her tender age." He exalts her in a way which Edwards would have severely reproved, in the words, "Behold the deity which is stronger than I, who coming to me will rule within me." And he confesses in powerful and poetic phrases the violent effect upon his body which his strong emotion produced. The whole picture is charming, poetic, ideal, and was written in a book for the public, years after the boy had seen the girl. The greatest poet of his time, if not of all time, in maturer life looks back upon the meeting and, with consummate art, I do not say with insincerity, transfigures it.

How different is Edwards' well-known description of Sarah Pierpont! It was written in Edwards' youth, four years before his marriage; not in a book for the public, but on a blank leaf for his own eye. In its own way it is as engaging as Dante's. But its way is not artistic or imaginative at all. It is distinctively and exclusively spiritual. There is no idealization, no translation of the object of his love into a symbol, no physical transport, no agitation, no "shaking of the pulses

of the body." We learn nothing of Sarah Pierpont's dress or appearance or temperament. All he tells us about her is about her spiritual qualities and her relations to the spiritual universe. And at the last, on his deathbed, he sends to his absent wife, this Sarah Pierpont, his love; and again speaks of the uncommon union between them as, he trusts, spiritual and therefore immortal. Read in connection with the brief references to his household life to be found in his biography, these passages bring before us a man whose closest and tenderest earthly love was transfigured, not by artistic genius, but by what I have called his dominating spirituality. And both passages issue naturally out of that spiritual conception of beauty which he has so finely unfolded in the great essay on Virtue.

This same quality manifests itself in the impartiality and impersonality of his feeling under conditions well calculated to awaken strong partial and personal feelings. Go through the whole history of the unfortunate Northampton controversy. Read the correspondence of Edwards, his speeches before the several Councils and the *Farwell Sermon*. Or mark his behavior under the trying conditions of a recrudescence in Stockbridge of the enmity shown at Northampton. And you will see what I mean, when I say that his spirituality is exhibited in the impartiality of his feelings and the impersonality of their objects. You will agree with me that in all of it he was true to his thesis; that private feelings must be subordinated to that benevolence, that spiritual love of being in general, which is the essence of virtue. Indeed, I recall no other instance of a severe and protracted trial, in which the chief figure appears so unconcerned about everything except its spiritual significance.

But it is in the work to which he gave himself, in the subjects on which he labored, in his method of treatment, in the conclusions he reached, that Edwards' spirituality is most impressively revealed. He was interested apparently in nothing but the spiritual universe and the spiritual life. Of course, the whole of Edwards is not known to us. We rarely, if ever, catch sight of him in his avocations, so strong was his sense of vocation. I discover in him no interest in politics, in literature, in the plastic or even the intellectual arts. In dis-

tinctively intellectual pursuits other than religious he did at times engage. But he engaged in them, certainly in his maturer years, only in order to the thorough concentration of his powers on his spiritual work. Thus, when his mind was strained by excessive study and would not hold itself to a severely spiritual train of thought, or when his imagination rose in rebellion and tempted him, he whipped each in to subjection by setting his powers to the solution of a difficult mathematical problem; and so he regained possession of himself solely for high spiritual purposes. And how spiritual his purposes were let the titles of his works testify, from the first published sermon to the great treatises on Sin, Virtue and the Will, and finally the great Body of Divinity in historical form, which in his letter to the Trustees of Princeton he describes as his coming work, and in describing which his soul expands and his style, almost for the first time, becomes rhythmical.

We are therefore entitled to say with emphasis that the dominant quality of Edwards is spirituality—spirituality of mind, of feeling, of aim and action. The spiritual universe was for him not only the most certain and substantial of realities, but the exclusive object of contemplation. Purely spiritual feeling seems to have filled in his life the great spaces which in the lives of most men are occupied by passionate sensibilities and æsthetic pleasures. Or we may better say, that his exceptional personality was the alembic in which these sensibilities and pleasures were transmuted into the pure distillate of spiritual feeling; until all his outgoing and active affections rested on spiritual qualities and objects, and all his reactions of emotion were the blessednesses of the spirit. When his will energized and called the great powers of his intellect into action it was on the most spiritual themes that his mind wrought with the greatest ease and geniality. Distant in manner and reserved on most subjects, whenever he conversed about heavenly and divine things of which his heart was so full, "his tongue," says Dr. Samuel Hopkins, "was as the pen of a ready writer." The spiritual world so completely possessed him that its contemplation and exposition seems never to have tired him. After receiving the invitation to Princeton, he told his eldest son that for many years he had spent fourteen hours a day in his study. Spiritual thinking and feeling were thus both his labor and his recreation.

This exclusive spirituality of Edwards explains his lack of charm and interest. For obviously he is lacking here. Compare with the lack of interest in Edwards the interest the world has always taken in Luther, in the stormy career of Knox, in the incessant and varied activity of Calvin, and earlier than these in the dramatic life of Augustine. Shall we say that he charms us less because he was a more spiritual man, or only because he was more exclusively spiritual; because he was less wealthily endowed with humane sympathies? Is it because of his delicate organization and feeble vitality? Or is it because, under the domination of the spiritual universe, and knowing well his own powers and limitations, he determined to know this one thing only? Or is it, after all, only the defect of his biographers? I do not know. Certainly he presents a striking contrast to the other great spiritual men whom I have named. And I think we are bound to acknowledge that his remarkable separation in spirit from the feelings and tastes and occupations of the people seriously limited his usefulness, and seriously limits it to-day. But when all is said, his spirituality is his strength. And in a world where social charm and sympathy is abundant, and where high and exclusive spirituality is in the greatest men as rare as radium; we ought to rejoice that of one of the greatest it is true that he was bond-slave to the spiritual world.

The clue to Edwards then, his dominating and irradiating quality, the trait which gave unity to his career, is his spirituality. His was indeed, to repeat the fine word of Dr. Egbert Smyth, "a transcendent spiritual personality."

## II.

I have detained you so long on this subject that I must treat briefly and inadequately Edwards' intellect and work.

It was as a bond-slave then to the spiritual universe that all his work was done. Now his work was not that of a philanthropist or a missionary. It was the work of a thinker. The instrument with which he wrought was his intellect; and the word which describes the quality as distinguished from the subject of his writings is the word, intellectual. This is as true of his sermons as it is of his elaborate treatises. And,

as a whole, his works constitute an intellectual system of the spiritual universe.

Eminently intellectual in his activity, Edwards, so far as I can see, had no intellectual pride. His intellect he regarded simply as an instrument to be employed in the service of the spiritual world. And as such an instrument, if we would do him justice, we must regard it. We must seize and estimate its outstanding traits as they reveal themselves in this characteristic activity which he solemnly accepted as his vocation. What, then, were the distinctive traits of Edwards' intellect, and what position must we assign to him among intellectual men, especially among theologians?

The genius of Luther and that of Calvin have often been contrasted. There is a general agreement that while Luther saw single truths with the greater clearness and the sooner recognized their capital value, to Calvin must be attributed in greater measure the gift of construction; the great gift by which he organized in a system the principles of the Protestant Reformation. Now though Edwards nowhere shows the boldness and originality of either of these men; though he never inaugurated a new mode of Christianity like Luther or organized its theology like Calvin, and, therefore, holds no place beside them in history; he had both a gift of penetration like Luther's and a gift of construction like Calvin's. It is also true, I think, that in the subtlety of his intellect he was greater than either. The man of all men whom he seems to me most like intellectually and, indeed, every way—in the character of his religious experience, in his genial acceptance of the theological system he inherited, in his philosophical insight, in his power in the exposition of abstract truth, in his fruitfulness, in his constructive ability and in his failure nevertheless to leave behind him a completed system, in his fundamental philosophical and theological views, in his idealism and Platonism —is Anselm of Canterbury. And, having regard to the works they have left behind them—the one, the *Monologium* and *Proslogium,* the *Tract on Predestination,* the *Prayers and Meditations,* the *Essay on Free Will* and the *Cur Deus Homo,* and the other, the great sermons, the treatises on *The Nature of Virtue, The End of God in Creation, Original Sin, Justification by Faith, The Religious Affections* and *The Nature*

*of the Freedom of the Will*—I think that Edwards stands fully abreast of the mediæval philosopher and theologian. Had Dante known Edwards as we know him, he would have given him a place beside Anselm in the Heaven of the Sun.

In saying that Edwards is like Anselm, I have also in mind the fact that there are two great classes of Theologians. All Christian theology rests on Holy Scripture. But theologians strikingly differ among themselves in the importance they respectively assign to the history of doctrine and the Church's symbols on the one hand, and to the concord between the Word of God and the reason on the other. In the mediæval Church there were school divines who rested solely on history and authority; who had no confidence in the argument from the reason; who did not believe that there is a *theologia naturalis.* This tendency was strongest, perhaps, in the Franciscan, Duns Scotus. In modern Protestant churches, the tendency is, perhaps, strongest in the high Anglican writers. Now while Edwards was in harmony with the Reformed Confessions, the absence of the Confessional or historical spirit is noticeable in all his theological treatises. The lack of it is explained partly by his training. In the curriculum of the American Colonial College, historical studies were slight and elementary, while studies which discipline the powers were pursued with a vigor and sincerity which the modern University would do well to promote. We must regret, I think, the lack in this great American theologian of large historical culture and, by consequence, of the historical spirit. Because of it there is, in the positiveness of his assertions, in his strong confidence in logical analysis and dialectic in themselves, and in his historical generalizations in *The History of Redemption,* a quality which it is right to call provincial.

But if he is defective at this point, it is not too much to say, that he is one of the greatest Doctors of the Universal Church by reason of his singular eminence in three capital qualities. In the first place, he is far more powerful than most theologians in his appeal to the reason in man. I mean the reason in its largest sense and as distinguished from the understanding. The reason itself, he held, as if he were a Cambridge Platonist, has a large spiritual content. If I understand him, he went beyond the Westminster Divines in the

value he put upon the Light of Nature. Of his actual appeal to the reason, including under that term the conscience and the religious nature, I have time only to say that it permeates and gives distinction to his entire theological product. He addresses it with large confidence in his sermons, in his essay on *The End of God in Creation,* in his chapter on the *Satisfaction of Christ* written in the very spirit of the *Cur Deus Homo,* in all his endeavors to quicken in reader and hearer the sense of guilt and the fear of its punishment, in his great discourse on *Spiritual Light,* and in his great volume on the *Religious Affections.* In all of them a consummate theologian of the reason distinctly appears. To this we must add his supremacy in the related gifts of clear exposition, subtle distinction, and acute polemic. To this supremacy the world has borne abundant testimony. If he is like Anselm in his high estimate of the reason, he is like Thomas Aquinas in his dialectical acuteness. Nor is this acuteness mere quickness of vision and alertness in logical fence. His two greatest polemic works are probably the essays on *Original Sin* and *The Freedom of the Will.* Both of them are profound as well as acute; both are large in their conception of the subject; and in both he is fair to his antagonist, and, though not so largely, yet as really constructive as he is polemic. To these we must add, finally, a consummate genius for theological construction. No one can go through his collected works even rapidly, as I was compelled to do this summer, without seeing that a self-consistent World-view or theory of the Universe was distinct and complete in the consciousness of Edwards, and that it is the living root out of which springs every one of his sermons and discussions. No theological writer is less atomistic. None is less the prey of his temporary impulses or aberrations. No theological essays less merit the name of *disjecta membra.* The joy of the completed literary presentation of this universal system, this spiritual and intellectual Cosmos, was denied him. But it is in his works, just as completely as Coleridge's system is in the *Biographia Literaria* and the *Table Talk,* just as clearly as Pascal's Pyrrhonism lies open to us in his fragmentary *Thoughts.* Had he lived to complete at Princeton his *History of Redemption,* his "body of divinity in an entire new method," it is my belief that the world would have seen in it the fruit of a constructive genius not less great than that

which appears in the *Summa* of St. Thomas or in the *Institutes* of Calvin.

Though no theologian more habitually conceived the spiritual world as objective, yet his great powers and special talents wrought best, and he produced his best work, when he was writing on the religious life. That life he knew well, because of his own profound and vivid religious experience. But he never wrote out of his experience alone. The Spiritual universe as a whole is before him as he writes. It is always therefore the ideal religious life of the redeemed sinner he is describing. Hence its severity, its purity, its deep humility as it measures itself with the absolute ethical and spiritual perfection. If we do not wish to sink into despair, we must not forget this as we read the greatest of his tracts, the essay on *The Religious Affections.*

A theologian, so profound and so individual as Edwards was, could not but have made many contributions of the highest importance to theological science. Now whatever Edwards' distinctive contributions to theology were, it is important to notice that they were contributions to the historical theology of the Christian Church. He was in full concord with the great Ecumenical Councils on the Trinity and the Person of Christ. He thoroughly accepted the formal and material principles of the Reformation. And he was convinced of the truth of the great system known as Calvinism, or the Reformed Theology. His greatness as a theologian and his fruitfulness as a writer are rooted in the consent of his heart, as well as the assent of his mind, to these historical doctrines. And though, as I have said, individually he was not distinctively informed by the historical spirit, yet he is in the line of the historical succession of Christian theologians.

Turning to these distinctive contributions I have time to name only one; but that one has been of immense historical importance in America. Jonathan Edwards changed what I may call the centre of thought in American theological thinking. There were great theologians in New England before Edwards. I mention only John Norton of Ipswich, and Samuel Willard of Harvard. They followed the Reformed School Divines not only in making the decree of God the constitutive doctrine of the system, but in emphasizing it. Edwards did

not displace the eternal Decree as the constitutive doctrine; but by a change in emphasis he lifted into the place of first importance in theological thinking in America the inward state of man in nature and in grace. He appears to have been led strongly to emphasize these related themes, partly by the Great Awakening, and partly by the controversy on the Half-way Covenant which followed it. No one, however, but a man of genius could have made this change in emphasis so potent a fact in American Church history. It is impossible to exaggerate the influence thus exerted by Edwards on American theological and religious discussions and on American religious life. If I may so say, here is the open secret of the New England theology from Samuel Hopkins to Horace Bushnell. And more than to any other man, to Edwards is due the importance which, in American Christianity, is attributed to the conscious experience of the penitent sinner, as he passes into the membership of the Invisible Church.

Quite as important as this distinctive contribution is the tremendous stimulus and impetus he gave to theological speculation and construction. When I think of the Edwardean School of New England theologians from Samuel Hopkins to Edwards Park, between whom are included so many brilliant men, too many even to be named at this time, when I think of the Edwardean theologians in my own Church, like Henry Boynton Smith and William Greenough Thayer Shedd; when I think of the fruitful history of his works in Scotland and England, and recall his real mastery over the minds he influenced; it seems to me that it is not too much to say that, up to this time, his influence in the English-speaking world—not on all thinking, but on distinctively dogmatic thinking—has been as great as that of either Joseph Butler or Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

I have thus endeavored to set before you my impressions of Edwards' dominating quality, his intellectual gifts, and the kind of work he did; and to state the place which in my view he holds among the theologians of the Universal Church. I have refrained from eulogy. He is too consummate and sincere a master for us to approach with the language of compliment. But I should incompletely perform the duty you have devolved upon me, did I fail to speak of two of his works

which have been violently and repeatedly attacked. One is the essay on *The Freedom of the Will.* The other is the *Sermons on the Punishment of the Wicked.*

The essay on the *Freedom of the Will* is essentially a polemic, and only incidentally a constructive treatise. As a polemic, therefore, it must be judged. He had before his mind, not the whole voluntary nature of man as a subject to be investigated, but the special Arminian doctrine of the liberty of indifference as an error to be antagonized. What, therefore, the essay shows is, not his constructive ability, but his ability as an antagonist. I have read carefully only one other treatise in which the propositions as obviously move forward in procession, with steps as firmly locked together. This other treatise is the*Ethics* of Spinoza. If you dare consentingly to follow Spinoza through three kinds of knowledge up to his definition of substance—which, since it is thought not in a higher category but in itself, is self-existent; which is and can be one only; and those known attributes "perceived to be of the essence of this substance" are infinite thought and infinite extension—if you follow Spinoza thus far; you will soon find yourself imprisoned in a universe of necessity, and bound in it by a chain of theorems, corollaries and lemmas impossible to be broken at any point. Your only safety is in obeying the precept, *Obsta principiis.* Quite equal to Spinoza's is Edwards' essay in its close procession of ordered argument. Like Spinoza he begins his treatise with definitions. And I cannot see how anyone, who permits himself to be led without protest through the first of the "Parts" of the essay, can refuse to go on with him at any point in the remaining three. In reading the treatise one should, above all, keep in view the fact that, though it is polemic against a particular theory, it was written in the interest of a positive theological doctrine. I think we shall do justice to this doctrine if we state it in terms like the following: "Man's permanent inclination in sinful; and his sinful inclination will certainly qualify his moral choices." This Augustinian doctrine Edwards defended by a closely reasoned psychology of the will. Now I am not sure that this great doctrine, which I heartily accept, was at all aided by Edwards when he involved it with and defended it by a particular psychology. And my doubt is deepened by what

seems to me his unnecessary employment, in the spiritual sphere, of terms taken from the sphere of nature, like "cause," "determination" and "necessity." I can only call your attention to the fact that the defense of the religious doctrine, and not his psychology, was Edwards' deepest anxiety. And who of us is not prepared to say, that the bad man's badness is a permanent disposition certain to emerge in his ethical volitions, and that to revolutionize it there is needed the forth-putting of the power of the Holy Ghost?

But it is Edwards' sermons on *The Punishment of the Wicked* which have awakened the strongest enmity; an enmity expressed often in the most violent terms. The rational and Scriptural basis of the doctrine and the objections to it need not be set forth here. Edwards accepted, defended and proclaimed it, substantially in the form in which it has been taught in the Greek, the Latin and the protestant Churches. It is the doctrine of the Fathers, the mediæval Schoolmen and the Protestant theologians. Edwards' doctrine of Hell is exactly one with the doctrine of Dante. Now it is of interest to note that there is a widespread revulsion from Edwards, considered as the author of these Sermons, which does not and so far as I am aware never did appear in the case of Dante, considered as the author of the *Inferno*. What is the explanation of the difference? Dante is praised and glorified by not a few of those to whom the name of Edwards is for the same reason a name of "execration and horror." Indeed, Dante has been defended by a great American man of letters for rejoicing in the pain of the damned; while no one of Edwards' sermons, unless it is *Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God,* has been more severely criticised as inhuman than the discourse entitled, *The Torments of the Wicked in Hell no occasion of Grief to the Saints in Heaven.* We shall do well, therefore, to note the contrast between Dante's and Edwards' presentation of the same subject.

When Dante was sailing through the Lake of Mud in the Fifth Circle of Hell, there appeared before him suddenly Philippo Argenti, who in this world was full of arrogance and of disdain of his fellowmen, now clothed only with the lake's muck. Pathetically he answers Dante's inquiry, "Who art thou that art become so foul?" with the words, "Thou seest I

am one who weeps." And Dante replies, "With weeping and with wailing, accursed spirit, do thou remain, for I know thee although thou art all filthy." Then Virgil clasps Dante's neck and kisses his face and says, "Blessed is she who bore thee!" And Dante replies, "Master, I should much like to see him ducked in this broth before we depart from the lake." And Virgil promises that he shall be satisfied. "And after this", continues Dante, "I saw such rending of him by the muddy folk that I still praise God therefor and thank Him for it. All cried 'At Philippo Argenti!' and the raging Florentine spirit turned upon himself with his teeth. Here we left him; so that I tell no more of him." This is one of the passages in Dante's poem of that Hell over whose entrance he read these words: "Through me is the way into eternal woe; through me is the way among the lost people. Justice moved my high creator; the divine Power, the supreme Wisdom, and the primal Love made me. Before me were no things created unless eternal, and I eternal last. Leave every hope, ye who enter here."

There is nothing in Edwards which, so far as I can judge, equals this in its horrid imagery and suggestion. And yet men enjoy Dante and the *Inferno*. They do not "execrate" him for a "monster," as Dr. Allen says they do Edwards. And in his great essay on Dante, Mr. James Russell Lowell makes this very scene the text of an eloquent laudation of Dante's moral quality, in which he says of him; "He believed in the righteous use of anger, and that baseness was its legitimate quarry." Why is it that the attitude of the general public, thus represented by Mr. Lowell, toward the Hell of Dante is so different from the attitude of the same public toward the Hell of Edwards? I think we shall find an answer to this question in what I may call Edwards' spiritual realism. Of course Dante is a realist also. How often this quality of his poem has been pointed out to us! But Dante's is the realism of the artist, the poet who appeals to our imagination. Our imagination being gratified, we enjoy the picture and even the sensations of horror which the picture starts. Of all this there is nothing in Edwards. There is no picture at all. There is no picture at all. There is scarcely a symbol. Here and there there is an illustration. But the illustrations of Edwards are never employed to make his subject vivid to the imagination.

They are intended simply to explicate it to the understanding. The free, responsible, guilty and immortal spirit is immediately addressed; and the purely spiritual elements of the Hell of the wicked, separated from all else, are made to appear in their terrible nakedness before the reason and the conscience. The reason and the conscience respond. We are angry because startled out of our security. And we call him cruel, because of the conviction forced on us that we are in the presence of a terrible, even if mysterious, spiritual reality. Edwards always spoke, not to the imagination, but to the responsible spirit. Men realized when he addressed them that because they are sinners, their moral constitution judicially inflicts upon their personality remorse; and that remorse is an absolute, immitigable and purely spiritual pain, independent of the conditions of time and space and, therefore, eternal.

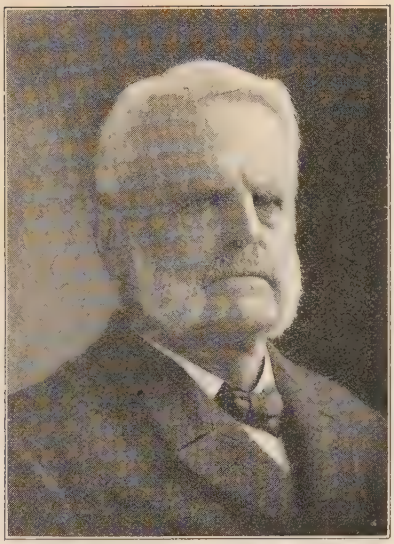
The Nineteenth Century, in one of its greatest poets,* looking out on nature, sees no relief from this eternity of remorse; that is to say, it sees no evidence, in nature's "tooth and claw" that God will ever interfere to end this spiritual pain and punishment. It only "hopes" that, "at last, far off," "Winter will turn to Spring." I shall not attack any man for a hope, maintained against the evidence of remorse within and nature without, that the mystery of pain and moral evil will be thus dissipated in their destruction. It is not my business to denounce a thoughtful and reverent spirit like Tennyson, because of any relief he may individually find, when facing the most terrible revelation of nature and of his moral constitution, in the "hope" which issues from our sensibility to pain and from the sentiment of mercy which God has implanted in us all. But I do say, that a man's private "hope" should never be elevated to the dignity of a dogma, or be made a norm of teaching, or be proposed as a rule of action. And I do protest that it is the height of literary injustice, while praising Dante, to condemn Edwards the preacher because, in his anxiety to induce men to "press into the kingdom," he preached, not the private hope of Lord Tennyson, but the spiritual verity to which the conscience of the sinner responds. Thus, in his treatment of this darkest of subjects, that spirituality which I have said was his dominant quality is regnant; and here, too,

*In Memoriam, liii-lvi.

he should be called, "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit."

With this protest I conclude. Let me say again, that I am deeply grateful to you for the opportunity you have given me to unite with you in this commemoration of the man we so often call our greatest American Divine. He was indeed inexpressibly great in his intellectual endowment, in his theological achievement, in his continuing influence. He was greatest in his attribute of regnant, permeating, irradiating spirituality. It is at once a present beatitude and an omen of future good that, in these days of pride in wealth and all that wealth means, of pride in the fashion of this world which passeth away, we still in our heart of hearts reserve the highest honor for the great American who lived and moved and had his being in the Universe which is unseen and eternal.

Stockbridge Street.
Elm planted by Timothy Edwards on the right.



## EDWARDS AT STOCKBRIDGE.

By Rev. William Edwards Park, D.D.

Like many great men who came after him Mr. Edwards went West. To the hamlet then called Stockbridge, a little clearing in the vast forest, along a wood path forty miles to the westward Edwards wended his way. The land for this small village which had been named Stockbridge from the English home of its first settlers, had been purchased from the Housatonic Indians in 1722, and in the year 1751 it contained twelve English speaking families and one hundred and fifty families of Indians. If President Edwards on his arrival thither looked for communications with other men and larger places, he would have seen toward the east Northampton, which had lately repudiated him, with Springfield, Worcester and Boston lying beyond. Albany was then practically the western frontier of the English settlements, and if the great sage had turned his eye to the north, he would have seen a few families in Pittsfield, beyond which stretched an unbroken wilderness. When he remembered the goodly population and refined culture of Northampton, he must have felt that

his situation was contracting, but he had really reached a great expansion and did not know it. He was called like Abraham out of the Chaldees to a great place. From an unpublished manuscript of the late Prof. E. A. Park, D. D., I quote the following account of the memorable journey: "The poet John Keets wrote for his own epitaph, 'Here lies one whose name was writ in water.'" Jonathan Edwards does not appear to have been saddened by the injury done his own name, as he rode over the rough and obscure road from his home settlement on the edge of the wildernss to his new settlement nearer the depth of the wilderness. Seldom indeed has a man lived who thought so little of his name, while he was entitled to have it written on a monument of marble. If a picture could have been taken of him as he was travelling from Northampton to Stockbridge, it would have been the picture of a man touched with melancholy in view of incidents attending his pastorate. Had the thrilling scenes of the "Great Awakening" been obliterated from the memory of his parishioners? Had his fervid discourses been written on water instead of being engraved on the rock? We are often told that the human heart is a kind of photographic plate, retaining, so to speak, the impression made upon it by the light. Did the light of Edwards' discourses make no impression upon the hearts of his parishioners? Were those hearts covered with blurred or distorted images? We may suppose him to have been grieved by the untoward events which were the *individual sequences* rather than the *permanent results* of his ministry. We have reason to suppose, however, that although he may have been cast down, his faith was not destroyed, that he retained a strong confidence in the reality of religious revivals, in the permanent efficacy of Divine truth, when preached according to the Divine plan and in the Divine purpose, to override all the ends of the world for the good of the Church. On his pathway through the woods he must have felt the meaning of the adage that "The wolf is at the door." He must have foreseen not only the continuance of the poverty, but the addition of new discomforts when his invalid wife with her young children should take up her abode with the Indians, and her sons and daughters should enter the circle of uncongenial companions. This passage to his Indian settlement afforded him a rich opportunity for testing the influence of his favorite

thoughts upon his own mind. He may have repeated to himself the following reflections so often reiterated in different forms throughout his published and unpublished writings: "By virtue of the believers union with Christ he doth really possess all things. I mean that he possesseth God, three in one, and all that he has, and all that he does, and all that he has made or done, the whole universe, bodies and spirits, light, Heaven, angels, men or devils, sun, moon, stars, land and sea, fish and fowls, all the silver and gold, all beings and perfections, are as much the Christian's as the money in his pocket, the clothes he wears or the house he dwells in, or the victuals he eats, yea, more advantageously his, than if he commanded all these things mentioned to be just in all respects as he pleased, by virtue of the union with Christ," because Christ, who certainly doth possess all things, is entirely his, so that he possesses it all, more than a wife the property of the best and dearest of husbands. All the universe is his, only he has not the trouble of managing it; but Christ to whom it is no trouble to manage, manages it for him, a thousand times as much to his advantage as he could himself, if he had the managing of all the atoms in the universe. Did Edwards believe in the hour of his great trial that Jesus Christ was managing for him, so that he possessed all things?

The regrets which others may have put into the thought of this remarkable man may have never entered his mind. There is no doubt as to the promptness and resolution with which he acted. He certainly met the emergency with tact, courage and quick adaptation to new conditions. After the dissolution of his pastorate at Northampton he had been invited by the "Commissioners at Boston of the Society for Propagating the Gospel in New England and the parts Adjacent" to become the missionary for the remnant of the once powerful tribe of Housatonic Indians, then located in Stockbridge. This rather humble position had been vacated two years before by the death of the Reverend John Sergeant. Dr. Samuel Hopkins then settled in the neighboring town of Great Barrington, was offered the position, but declined it in favor of Mr. Edwards, whom he ardently wished to bring into the neighborhood. The twelve white families also formed the nucleus of a little church which called Mr. Edwards to its pastorate.

From the church and the mission fund the great thinker received a pittance of income which was supplemented by the labors of his wife and daughters, who made fans and other articles, which were sold in the market at Boston. The new missionary was obliged to erect for himself and family a house such as few of us would wish to live in, but which in that age was called *commodious*. He was compelled to defray the cost of the edifice from his slender purse before he had disposed of his Northampton property. We fear that "the wolf was very near the door." In August, 1751, Mr. Edwards was installed as pastor of the little church, and assumed the care of the Indian mission. Mr. Timothy Woodbridge instructed the Indian children faithfully in the day school during the week, while Edwards preached twice a week to the whites and twice to the Indians. Considering the elementary character of the services to the Indians and the great amount of sermon material used in a former pastorate and available in a new church, the duties of the new minister were not for him arduous. But the persecution which had almost crushed him at Northampton followed him to his new home, led on by a member of the same family which had harassed him in his old church. The greedy and knavish individual referred to attempted by representation, specious and ingenious, but entirely false, to oust the missionary from his position that he might secure the distribution of the Indian mission fund for himself. In reading the correspondence between Mr. Edwards and the ring of would-be Indian thieves, we might suppose that the missionary was dealing with a modern contractor who furnished supplies to the Sioux or Modocs. They expected to outwit with ease the metaphysical speculator. But the metaphysician, a far shrewder and more practical man of the world than has ever been supposed, handled the thieves as he did the Arminians in controversy, brought to light their long series of lies, cut off all outlet of escape, and forced the chief conspirator to cry for mercy and leave the town for the general good, after he had failed to secure it. Freed from the annoyances of these men, although the contest had cost him much time and trouble, Edwards addressed himself to the work before him.

In our opinion this great thinker and scholar at his time of life, and with his habits of thought and work almost unal-

terably formed, was not adapted to be a mere missionary to the Indian. He did his task faithfully, but the work did not draw out his strongest faculties. His predecessor, Sergeant, by means of industry, tact and good judgment, did a work for the savages which was better than that of the far greater man who followed him. Neither did Edwards seem to pursue the work with all the enthusiasm of his nature. He gave to it only a part of his great personality. He never learned the language of the Indians, as he certainly could have done, and as Sergeant and Eliot had done before him, but addressed them regularly through an interpreter after the manner of Brainerd. Only a few of his sermons to the Indians have been preserved. They are ingenious, forcible and able, but abound in definitions too precise and distinctions rather too subtle for the mind of the savage, although the preacher may occasionally have had the Mohawk chief, *Hendricks, in his congregation.

Half unconsciously to himself, without forming any special design, Edwards was led on to the work in order to do which he had been taken from the large place and set down in the small one. He was to put in shape for the use of posterity, all the accumulated treasures of his mind. Had he not been sent to his little forest church, he would have left us fragmentary ideas, and the beginnings of many treatises not one of which he could have finished. As Thucidides was banished from Athens, and left his petty occupations there that he might write his history of the Peloponesian war, which is the great master-piece of the historians' art, as Dante was taken out of the intrigues and petty squabbles of the Florentine Republic, that he might give to the world the *Divine Comedia*, so Edwards was taken from his work at Northampton, which he had practically finished, that in rural seclusion he might lay foundations and build towers for the construction of a new theological literature.

At a time when he was recovering from a protracted sickness, and was busy in destroying the vermin who wanted to nibble at the Indian School Fund, he planned and completed his immortal work on *The Freedom of the Will.* Tradition

*Note:—Hendricks lived at this time in the Mohawk valley, but had a grandson in the Stockbridge School where he occasionally visited.

affirms that in the little closet, seven feet by three and a half, which he supposed to be a study, he wrote the work in the forenoons of four and a half months, much less time than an ordinary man would need in order to understand it! This rapidity of composition is, in one sense marvelous, in another sense easy and natural for the author. In producing so profound a book in such a brief time Edwards embodied the results of forty years' study. The work may be compared to Daniel Webster's speech on Foote's Resolution, with the materials collected during twenty-five years experience, but put together in a day and night. The book contains some errors in Biblical interpretation, neither does the author always adhere closely to his definitions, but he succeeds in proving that the human choice plays within the circumference of a vast decree, just as passengers on an ocean steamer are free to move around all parts of the ship while the ship carries them with its own motion over which they have no control.

The work on *The Freedom of the Will* had a natural connection with that upon *Original Sin,* and the second book may be considered to be explanatory of the first. On the whole we consider this to be the most able, but least fortunate of Edwards' great treatises. Who is there who can examine the Origin of Sin, look down into that bottomless pit, and keep a steady head? Yet considering that the subject lies almost outside the range of the human faculties, the work of Edwards is a master-piece. It seemed at one time as though the great reasoner's course of argument would compel him to admit that God was the author of sin, a conclusion which was abhorrent to his reverential nature. Driven toward a shore upon which he is determined not to land, the argument of Edwards becomes somewhat obscure and evasive. The celebrated Dr. Emmons declared that: "President Edwards' work on *Original Sin* is a great floundering in the mire, but it takes a great horse to make such a great floundering."

There is extant an interesting letter from Dr. Samuel Hopkins, who afterwards became the noted pastor of Newport, R. I., but who was at this time the minister of a little church in Great Barrington, adjacent to Stockbridge, and was therefore Edwards' nearest clerical neighbor. The letter is dated September 4, 1754, addressed to the Reverend Joseph

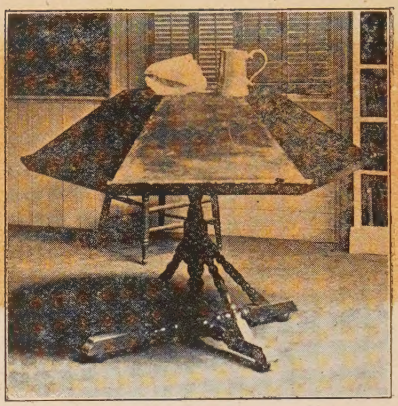
Bellamy, and contains the following sentences, among others: "I visited Mr. Edwards at his home in Stockbridge. He has fever and ague, and suffers a fit every day. He mourned because he was laid aside from doing God's work, and feared that his church and mission would be depleted during the time of his illness. On the following Lord's day afternoon, I was beginning the service in my own church and while I was reading the Psalm, news came that Stockbridge was beset by an army of Indians and the town set on fire. The congregation was scattered in a twinkling. In the course of two hours a troop of people rushed from Stockbridge into Barrington. It turned out that two men and one woman had been killed, but only two Indians were seen near Stockbridge. It was rather a false alarm. The troops afterwards came to our assistance. They have seen Stockbridge, eaten up all our provisions and gone. The sight of two Indians cost the colony about twenty thousand pounds." In a letter of President Edwards to a friend, referring probably to the same transaction he says: "During the recent outbreak eighteen soldiers were quartered at my house. They filled our spare rooms, and some of them had to sleep in the barn and outhouses." Soon afterwards he sends to the General Assembly of Massachusetts the following statement of account: "My family furnished to the soldiers eight hundred meals of victuals. I have kept horses amounting to pasturing one hundred and fifty horses for twenty-four hours, and have expended seven gallons and a quart of West India rum. Two Indians put the colony to fifty thousand pounds charge, and never exposed themselves. A fort was built near my house. We gave the laborers one hundred and eighty meals of victuals. They used up fifteen rods of new log fence, which had cost me two shillings a rod. I make no charge for entertaining poor people, who have been driven from their settlements by fear of the enemy, but I think I might be paid for maintaining troops and laborers in the employ of the province." The General Court of Massachusetts allowed him eighteen pounds.

While worn out with his unintermitted thirteen hours daily of study, harassed by mean and intriguing men, who labored to oust him from his position that they might secure control of the Indian mission fund, afterwards sick with fever

and ague, with his church services interrupted by Indian raids, with his house overrun with provisional troops, while his wife and daughters were obliged to make fans and other articles to eke out the scanty income of the family, himself obliged to write his sermons in a fine hand in order to economize in paper and make the note books for the material of his immortal discourses on the blank sides of old church notices, and the discarded patterns of fans and ladies caps, especially the note book consisting of one hundred and fifty pattern sheets cut in the shape of a half moon, and carefully sewed together, Edwards sat down in his closet of three and a half feet by seven, to write his treatise on *The Last End of God in the Creation* of the World. How he could have collected his thoughts for such a theme while distracted with sickness, "wars and rumors of wars," struggles to maintain his position, and struggles to support his large family upon the scanty income which the position afforded, we cannot imagine. But the work appeared and seemed to perpetuate the ideas of the mystic thinkers of the Middle Ages, while it closed the author's long continued controversy with the Arminians. He projected a work on the *Mystery of the Trinity* from which we quote a few exquisite sentences showing the beautiful objects in nature which he had seen during his rides and walks about Stockbridge. In speaking of the subtle emanations of the Deity he says: "The Son of God created the world for the very end to communicate himself in an image of his own excellency. The beauties of nature are really emanations or shadows of the excellency of God. So that when we are delighted with flowers, meadows and gentle breezes of wind, we may consider that we see only the emanations of the sweet benevolence of Christ. The green trees and fields and the singing of birds are emanations of his purity. The easiness and naturalness of trees and vines are shadows of this beauty and loveliness. The crystal rivers and murmuring streams are the footsteps of his favor, grace and beauty. When we behold the light and brightness of the sun, the golden edge of the evening cloud, we behold the adumbrations of his glory and goodness; and in the blue sky of his mildness and gentleness. The beauteous light is a lively shadow of his spotless holiness and a happiness and delight in communicating himself. This is the reason why Christ is compared to these things and called by their names. The Sun of Righteousness,

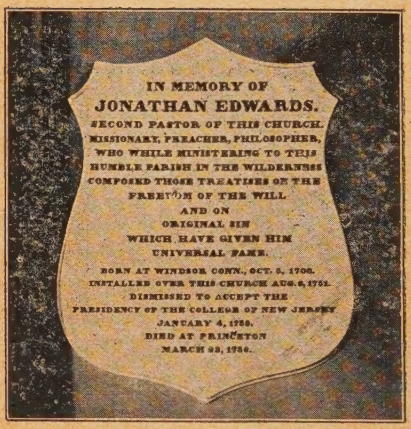
the morning star, the rose of Sharon, the lily of the valley, the apple tree among the trees of the wood, a bundle of myrrh, a roe or a young hart. We see the most proper image of the beauty of Christ when we see beauty in the human soul." After this beautiful composition was finished, the indefatigable thinker drew up a scheme for: "The History of Redemption being a Body of Divinity in the form of a History." His plan was to illustrate every doctrine of theology by the records of God's dealings with mankind in history. But he lacked the historical education needed for such a treatise, and for many reasons the project was impracticable. The historic theologians of the future must complete the work, the plan only remains to attest the vastness of Edwards' mind. With the writing of the "Notes on the History of Redemption," the career of Edwards at Stockbridge practically ends. The call to the presidency of Princeton College, the brilliant opening of his administration and his sad and sudden death on the threshold of his work, must be described by others. The tradition is, that when the Council decided to advise the renowned thinker to leave his little church and assume his great and new office, Edwards burst into tears. The educational interests of the nation called him to go forward, but his heart remained with his Indians and his schemes of authorship.

We like to connect the evolution of the world's history with certain spots. There have been during the centuries centres of political activity and centres of the world's thought. In ancient days the religious opinion of the world was moulded at Jerusalem and her æsthetic taste was formed at Athens. In modern times the ideas of the world have been generated at the Sorbonne of Paris; the Church of St. Frydeswide at Oxford; the universities of Harvard and Yale. Neither is it fitting to conclude without a reference to the little closet study at Stockbridge in which lived and toiled the man who made the doctrines of John Locke old fashioned, proved himself to be the peer of Leibnitz and Descartes, and made his little forest church the focal centre of the religious thought of the seventeenth century.



EDWARDS' LIBRARY TABLE.—CONCH SHELL USED IN CALLING THE PEOPLE TO MEETING.—COMMUNION TANKARD.

---


IN MEMORY OF
JONATHAN EDWARDS.
SECOND PASTOR OF THIS CHURCH.
MISSIONARY, PREACHER, PHILOSOPHER,
WHO WHILE MINISTERING TO THIS
HUMBLE PARISH IN THE WILDERNESS
COMPOSED THOSE TREATISES ON THE
FREEDOM OF THE WILL
AND ON
ORIGINAL SIN
WHICH HAVE GIVEN HIM
UNIVERSAL FAME.
BORN AT WINDSOR CONN., OCT. 5, 1703.
INSTALLED OVER THIS CHURCH AUG. 8, 1731.
DISMISSED TO ACCEPT THE
PRESIDENCY OF THE COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY
JANUARY 4, 1758.
DIED AT PRINCETON
MARCH 22, 1758.

MURAL TABLET IN THE STOCKBRIDGE CHURCH.

Sanitary
2400 Ridge Road
Berkeley, CA 94709
For renewals call (510) 649-2500
All items are subject to recall

GTU Library
3 2400 00681 0257

DeWitt, John
Jonathan Edwards ...
MA5
Ed96D